

The
Improvement

ER

AT

FEBRUARY, 1934

Volume 37

Number 2

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Salt Lake City, Utah

To M Men and Gleaner Girls

The Improvement Era is planning to pay a year's tuition for one M Man and one Gleaner Girl at Brigham Young University for the school year 1934-35.

Merrill J. Wood, of Farmington, and Miss Mary Thomas, of Malad, Idaho, last year's speech champions, are both in school now, all tuition expenses paid for the year. Miss Thomas chose to study nursing, therefore she was permitted to sell her Scholarship to a friend for enough cash to pay her nursing expenses.

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The IMPROVEMENT ERA

50 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

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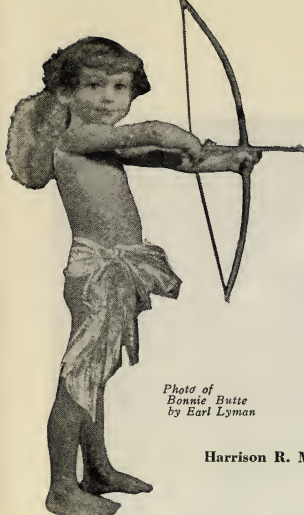


Photo of
Bonnie Butte
by Earl Lyman

February 1934

Volume 37

Number 2

The Improvement
ERA

Heber J. Grant, Editor

Harrison R. Merrill, Managing Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley, Associate Editor

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education

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"FORMS OF THE HILLS," BY RANCH S. KIMBALL

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

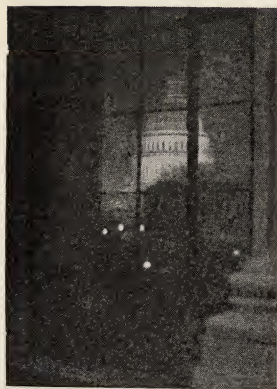
As well count the stars
On a still summer night—
Or the leaves on the poplars,
Or birds in their flight—
As well count the raindrops
Or measure the sands
On every white beach
Of far, foreign lands—
As well name the waves
Of the world's seven seas,
For each act of Lincoln
Was woven like these
Into one golden fabric
Of durable strength—
Each act was a poem
And life-long in length.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY GUTZON BORGUM, IN THE COURT HOUSE PLAZA, NEWARK, N. J.
Photo Courtesy Lincoln National Life Ins. Co.

FAVORITE

An incident in Lincoln's life?
I liked the one of steps he took,
Weary, patient, plodding steps
For the sake of one lone book!
Lincoln knew that books could be
Ships to take him where he willed—
A fount of knowledge in his thirst
To read and learn. His young mind filled
With ambition's eagerness,
Long he read into the night,
Slowly and laboriously,
By a fitful candle light.



THE SHINING DOME OF THE CAPITOL
FROM THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING

Two Poems By CRISTEL HASTINGS

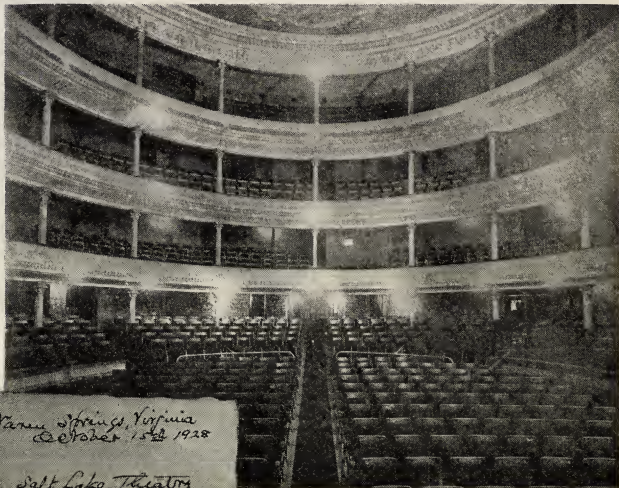
GEORGE

By

CLAIRE W. NOALL



* In this article our readers will get a close-up view of the many activities of one of the most lovable characters in the Mormon Church.



Mary Springs, Virginia
October 15th 1928

Dear George D. Pyper

The old Salt Lake Theatre will always be one of my blessed memories. Other fine theatres may be erected in Salt Lake City and have memorable performances, but they can never be filled with such recollections as this sweet old place is packed with. I have known it in days of adversity and days of prosperity and it always seems to hold out welcoming arms to me.

Drama always had a more intimate meaning there. It held a certain magic. His old play boxes audiences came to it with kindliness and sympathy and gave their best to the artist seated upon its stage. A common folk were brought through there and mine went out to them. Salt Lake old Theatre! I shall miss you sadly.

My best to you, dear

George D. Pyper

Yours

Oliver Spencer

35 # 66 St.
New York City

THE character of Utah following its founding by the Mormons was distinctly colored by the way in which the Church developed its social life by fostering music and drama. These arts, a precious heritage to the State, have been emphasized in each generation, and have afforded many remarkable opportunities for self-expression among the people. Shining through the artistic expression of the Church is the name of George D. Pyper, which for half a century and more, has been linked with the best we have had in music and drama.

Like the mellow glow of an Indian Summer day is the autumn of George D. Pyper's life—rich and warm with kindness, love, and spirituality. The gentle accent of his voice denotes his character. To talk with him is to realize that he is a man whose days have been beautified with the spirit of God. To look into his venerable face is to know intuitively that here is a man

whose way of living has been harmonized with peace and understanding. And yet the pages in his book of life have been filled with fascinating episodes! There has been no period of his existence

* ABOVE: INTERIOR
OLD SALT LAKE
THEATRE.

AT LEFT: BUT ONE
OF MANY LETTERS
FROM PROMINENT
MEN AND WOMEN OF
THE STAGE.

D. PYPER



Friend of the Arts » Singer » Actor » Editor » Theatre Manager

which has not been replete with interesting activities.

For the past fifteen years Mr. Pyper has been a member of the General Superintendency of the Sunday School of the Latter-day Saint Church with Superintendent David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards; for thirty-five years he has worked on the General Board of that institution. As a young man, strange to say, he was judge of the police court in Salt Lake City. For more than a quarter of a century he was manager of the Salt Lake Theatre, but like the clear tones of an obligato, music has been the constant accompaniment of his life. He has sung all ways. Inevitably and irresistibly, no matter what his daily occupation might be, he has affiliated with one musical organization after another. He first studied voice with Professor George Careless and

trained in choral work with Professor Evan Stephens.

He was choir leader for eight years in the Twelfth ward; for twenty-five years he sang the leading tenor role in the Salt Lake Opera Company; he sang solo parts in the Tabernacle choir on two of its famous tours; he was first tenor in the Eighteenth Ward Quartet, and years before that organization was broken into by the death of Horace G. Whitney, he had sung at over a thousand funerals. He was one of the early members of the Orpheus Club; he belonged to the Philharmonic Society; he was manager of the Musical Arts Society, and at present he is President of the Salt Lake Civic Music Association.

Seventy-three years ago, on Broadway, which was then residential between Main and State, in the rear of the adobe houses which fronted the street, stood a little log cabin, the birthplace of George D. Pyper. It is interesting and significant that he should be born on the site now covered by the stage of the Victory theatre. The highest span of his dramatic and musical career coincided with America's golden age of the theatre. He studied for the law, but he realized the fondest dream of his childhood when he became manager of the Salt Lake Theatre. As a



GEORGE D.
PYPER

lad, he adored going to the theatre; he thought how fine it would be some day to be attached to its personnel, but he could hardly imagine that he would actually become its manager. It almost seems as if some kind fairy's good-luck wand had touched him on both shoulders, so many of his dreams have come true. During the thirty years of his management of that "Cathedral of the Desert" he became acquainted with most of the notable persons of the stage. He has con-



LEFT: GEORGE D.
PYPER AS ROBIN HOOD
WITH MRS. HAZEL
TAYLOR PEERY.

RIGHT: MR. PYPER
AND EMMA LUCY
GATES IN THE OFFICE
OF THE OLD THEATRE.



tinued his correspondence with Otis Skinner, dean of the American stage, to this day. Herewith is a facsimile of a letter from Mr. Skinner, written in 1928, in commemoration of the theatre.

MANY other famous actors of national and international fame have called George D. Pyper friend, but it is with the dear familiar figures of Utah's own musical and artistic world that we most closely associate him. His name is inseparable from those of Evan Stephens, George Careless, John J. McClellan, Edward P. Kimball, Willard Weihe, Arthur Shepherd, Squire Coop, Hugh Dougall, B. Cecil Gates, Emma Lucy Gates, and the members of his quartet, which was composed of Horace G. Whitney, John D. Spencer and usually Horace Ensign or William G. Patrick, besides himself. Many of these people have passed on to another existence, but their influence will have a lasting impression on this community. Filled with the enthusiasm for music and drama that was so evident in their pioneer atmosphere and background, this group of musicians formed the nucleus for a distinctive phase in Utah's musical development. Among them were some fine composers, conductors, and directors. Because of his splendid capacity as a manager and promoter of artistic entertainment, George D. Pyper has worked hand in hand with all of them. His closest friendships have been formed among this group and with his Sunday School Associates.

Long before George Pyper ever sang in a quartet or took a leading role in an opera, he and his brother, Robert, sang in concerts and ward entertainments. And before that, they sang as they roamed the fields and followed Parley's stream, named after Parley P. Pratt, who was the first to explore the canyon, from their new home in Sugarhouse

to their father's flour mill down in the valley where the mill was turned by the stream. George was baptized in the waters of this same creek.

As a lad he herded cows in the open fields of what is now Yale Ward. The first money he earned was five cents for swishing an old bossie along with his father's herd. To young George, that nickel—as scarce in those days as tallow candles are in these—seemed as large as the harvest moon.

One sunny day, he and his companions took a May-walk out near the mountains. The apple trees were in leaf and the lucerne and wheat were high. Suddenly the sun was darkened by a cloud of grasshoppers, a swirling mass of living, pulsating insect life—another of those dreadful visitations. When the boys returned there was not a green leaf in sight.

worms in the cocoonery, situated close to the Eagle Gate, for a factory in the southern part of the city. He fed the worms young limbs from the mulberry trees

which came from Brigham Young's mulberry grove on the Church farm in Forest Dale. The limbs were placed on small hurdles which stood on tables, and the worms were allowed to feed on them until they were ready to spin. Later on a new silk factory was built in the mouth of City Creek Can-

yon just where a bed of canna lilies now blooms in the center of the little park at the foot of Third Avenue, and George then helped to plant two hundred mulberry trees close to the new factory. Two or three of President Young's daughters came over to the cocoonery three times a day to help feed the worms. Many an exciting conversation took

place between them and the boy from Sugarhouse concerning the plays they had seen in the theatre. The Deseret Stock Company, assisted by some of America's leading figures of the stage, was then at its very best. Almost every night in the year, the old theatre was lighted with its myriad of oil lamps while "Cherry and Fair Star," "The Nymph of the Lurleyberg," "East Lynne," "Rip Van Winkle," "Oliver Twist," "Leah,

the Forsaken," or some other play full of heart-throbs, was presented. And though the girls and George saw the plays from different parts of the house, the same enthusiasm thrilled them all. The President's daughters were accompanied by their father when they attended, and occupied either his box or seats close to the front in the parquet,



CLAIRE W.
NOALL

THE author of this sketch of a member of the General Superintendency of the Sunday School of the Latter-day Saint Church, lives in Salt Lake City, where she is rearing a family and serving her Church.



Photo by George K. Lewis.

MR. PYPER, PRESIDENT GRANT AND PRESIDENT GEORGE S. ROMNEY AT THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXHIBITION.

George did not sing then; the summer's crop was ruined.

When George was ten the family moved back to the city where they lived on Fourth East in the Twelfth Ward. For two summers he helped his father raise silk

while George stowed away in the top gallery, wondering if he ever should sit down in front.

One of his favorite pastimes was to rummage among the discarded properties of the old Social Hall Theatre which were stored in Brigham Young's "Lamb Barn," but most of all he loved to find his way to the third circle of the playhouse and see a real drama in action. He went to school for a while in President Young's private school, just inside the rock wall; at the age of twelve he went to work as a cash boy in the Z. C. M. I.

His father became judge of the Police court, and fate or circumstance stepped in to turn the boy from his dream for a while. George, who was then fourteen, was appointed clerk. He spent fifteen years in the court, the last five as judge. What schooling he received he gathered on the run. In addition to his early education in the Sugarhouse and the Twelfth Ward schools, he studied law for two years under Judge Sutherland and Judge Rawlins, and attended the University for a while under Dr. Park. Here he met his life companion, Emmaretta Whitney Pyper.

In a class one day, in order to compliment a girl on whom he was smitten, on a recitation she had spoken, he relayed her a note to the effect that she had done *splendid*. The note came back with *ly* added to the adverb in parenthesis. The addition was made by his future wife, through whose hands the note had passed. However, she did not realize that she had started her life's work with that correction.

DURING his five years as judge, Mr. Pyper ruled in the courtroom by day and held the boards at the Salt Lake Theatre by night, singing the leading tenor roles in the home operas. Though he gave some men a sentence to jail in the morning he gave others a bit of heaven at night with his lovely tenor. His first tenor role was in "Patience," sung at the age of twenty-five.

Mr. Pyper, who had taken penmanship under Heber J. Grant, was also an expert penman. Before the click of a typewriter was ever heard in Utah, he engrossed the minutes and the laws passed by the City Council in the '80's. After fifteen years spent in the courtroom as

clerk, alderman and finally as judge, Mr. Pyper's political light was snuffed out when his party went down with the swing that turned the city over to the Liberals, and he was dedicated to a larger service. His life became more and more picturesque as time went on. Like the concentric rings of a circle, made by tossing a pebble into a pool of water, small events led to ever-widening circles of activity for him.

He became associate editor of the *Contributor*, forerunner of the *Era*, Assistant Secretary of the Deseret Agricultural Society, and Secretary of the State Fair Organization. Consequently, he was sent to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, where he spent six months in charge of Utah's agricultural department. His warm hospitable greeting welcomed all Utahns who attended the fair. And imagine Utah's pride in him and her own Tabernacle Choir when it won second prize in a world-wide choral contest at this fair, with Professor Evan Stephens conducting and Joseph J. Daynes

at the organ. Mr. Pyper came back from Chicago to Salt Lake, and returned with the Choir, singing some of the tenor solos on the road. After the tour was over he went back to the fair to complete his work there.

Prior to this time he sang on the Choir's first trip to San Francisco, where they toured as far south as Monterey. The people of the West had always been friendly to Utah, and this was a very enjoyable experience.

In 1896, Mr. Pyper, Brigham H. Roberts, and Melvin J. Ballard left for the Eastern States as special missionaries; Edward P. Midgley joined them later. After a year in the mission field, however, Mr. Pyper was appointed to take charge of Utah's exhibit at the Tennessee Centennial, where he spent the next eight months. Upon his return, he became secretary to Heber J. Grant and manager of the latter's life insurance company. He came home to a most enthusiastic welcome. The Salt Lake Opera Company was organized just before his return, but what was an opera in Utah without George D. Pyper? The leading role in "The Chimes of Normandy" was sent to him by mail; he memorized it on the train, and was ready to sing upon his return. All in all, he sang the tenor in twenty-five operas. Among them were: "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Mandarin," "M a r t h a," and "Robin Hood."

THIS vibrant, magnetic man! His dynamic enthusiasm and vitality carried him on to one vivid experience after another. In 1897, at the request of Heber J. Grant, president of the Salt Lake Theatre Company, he assumed the management of the Salt Lake Theatre. Gracefully and deftly he met the life at the theatre with a fund of quiet humor which disarmed the angry and stood proof against all the *ups* and *downs* of artistic temperament. And what a priceless legacy from his years in the theatre are his friendships among America's brilliant actors and actresses! When Maude Adams was here on her recent tour, she had singled Mr. Pyper and Daniel S. Spencer out as two of her men friends with whom she desired to visit, a great honor, after her many years absence from the state and from one who could

(Continued on page 89)

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

FORMS OF HILLS," a landscape by the painter Ranch S. Kimball, is used for Frontispiece of the February, 1934, *Era*. The first sketch was painted between Cedar City and St. George.

What is it that stirs the emotions in this outstanding modern rendition? Is it the effective manner in which the artist has placed light forms against dark masses? Or is it the rhythmic arrangement of line? Could it be just the solidity of the hills or the fine movement of sky? Perhaps the sum of these could answer, and, if not, what of the mystery, the almost unearthly light, that suffuses this landscape? Something profoundly impresses the observer to the extent that even the layman recognizes the solidity of the hills.

Who can say what it is that gets into paint to make a fine canvas create in the observer a feeling akin to that which a masterful overture leaves with a discriminating listener?

As for Mr. Kimball his art is fraught with independence. He has no one to please save himself. He is tremendously moved by this subject—Utah mountains, and his one purpose is to record their majesty, yes, even to a suggestion of crudeness. Let the others sweeten up our Western hills and pile up mushy mountains to delight the would-be art lover, who can never come to an understanding of the great fundamentals of art, which are honesty of construction, unity in color and design, simplicity and dignity of form.

So this painter keeps his picture simple, paints with directness, draws with frankness, and designs his pattern to achieve rich color and to complete a recurrence of notes such as is accomplished in fine music.

Here is the letter which accompanied this story from Albany, Oregon: "Here's Holly, and here's her stepmother, Georgia, and this is about nothing at all but One Day. Like Holly, please, because she's so shy and so little and everything." We did; we hope you do.

HOLLY never could say, any time after, what made her say she was going to have a party when she wasn't. It was a lie. It was a dreadful, horrible lie and the only unbelievable thing about it all was that God had heard her and hadn't killed her dead.

But the story doesn't begin there.

It begins with her and Georgia.

If she had been a very ugly little girl it would be easy to understand why Georgia didn't love her. But she wasn't a very ugly little girl except that her hair didn't curl and it was blacker than anything. Maybe Georgia would have loved her if her hair had been curly and the color of Georgia's own. Yellow. Pretty clear yellow, like dandelions. As it was she looked like Mama. She couldn't say herself because she didn't remember Mama very well (only that she was a lovely soft person, smelling somehow of blossoms, who had loved her and who had died). She'd been nearly five when Mama stopped living in the world and stepped over to heaven. After that, Holly had lived with Mrs. Bissell, and Grandma, and hardly ever with Daddy alone.

She knew she looked like Mama because people said so. Women who came to visit said so.

"She's the picture of her mother,



Mrs. Street," they said to Georgia. "The very picture! You didn't know her mother, did you?"

And Georgia said politely, "Is she?" and "No, I didn't."

And then the women would say, "How do you like being step-mother?" in funny high voices.

● GEORGIA WAS SITTING IN THE BIG CHAIR BY THE WINDOW AND SHE LET HOLLY STAND LOOKING AT HER WITH GREAT ROUND EYES. SHE DIDN'T SAY, "I'M YOUR MOTHER NOW AND YOU'RE MY LITTLE GIRL, AND WE LOVE EACH OTHER, AND TOGETHER WE MUST MAKE DADDY HAPPY."

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

SOME BEAUTIFUL WAY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL CLOWES



And Georgia would say, "Oh, we get along fine."

They did get along fine, too, if that meant living in the same house and eating at the same table. Only Holly knew that Georgia didn't love her. She was a big girl, see—seven and a half—and she could tell. For one thing, Georgia didn't want to be called Mama. At the beginning she'd said, "You'd better just call me Georgia." That was the first morning when they were alone together, after she and Daddy had come back from where they'd been for two weeks (while Holly stayed with Mrs. Bissell) after being married.

HOLLY knew she was too big but she'd hoped Georgia would let her sit on her lap that first morning. Only when she saw Georgia looking so pretty and delicate and like you couldn't touch her, in pale green, she knew she wouldn't. Georgia was sitting in the big chair by the window and she let Holly stand looking at her with great round eyes. She didn't say, "I'm your mother now and you're my little girl, and we love each other, and together we must make Daddy happy," though she thought it somewhere in her. She said, "You'd better just call me Georgia." And then she sort of stopped and looked out of the window and Holly looked at the sun shining on her hair and thought, "Even angels couldn't be as pretty as her. Even fairies—"

Holly couldn't know that her round grave eyes frightened Georgia and that Georgia didn't understand how to talk to children very well and was shy herself. She did try, though. She said to Holly, "Is there anything you'd like to— to talk over? Anything you think we ought to say to each other?"

And Holly couldn't seem to think of anything at all to say

except, inside her, "Even angles or fairies or actresses couldn't be as pretty as you. Can you sing 'Go to Bed, Tom?' I'm too big to be sung to, of course, nights, but I just wondered if you know it. I'm too big to be rocked and kissed, too, but do, please, anyway, sometimes." Things like that. Silly things that you couldn't say. So Holly shook her head and said no, there wasn't anything to talk over.

And so they just looked at each other, and felt queer, and anybody old and wise would say they "got off on the wrong foot together," those two.

It was too bad, because as days went on they got farther and farther apart, and there didn't seem to be anything to be done about it.

Holly leaned close to the glass that morning and looked at herself. What was the matter? She wasn't ugly (and that's the reason people hated people, of course) because they said she looked like Mama and Mama hadn't been ugly. Of course, she had some freckles. She felt a little sick when she saw how many. There were—oh, fifteen. She counted them with a little finger. Across her nose. Georgia didn't have a single freckle on her white skin.

Besides, the two teeth in front were too big. The baby teeth were just right, but the new teeth were too big. She could see that when she grinned thoughtfully at the image in the glass.

And her eyes were green. She stared at herself a long time. It was no use trying to pretend. She was ugly.

She began, suddenly, to cry, and that made the little girl in the glass very ugly indeed. "I hate you," she said. "I hate you. I hate you!"

GEORGIA heard her, coming down the hall with an arm—
(Continued on page 122)

A GOOD many years ago there was a young offspring of the Kimball family who had very definite intentions of becoming an actor. Very definite intentions and five hundred dollars. Just when he was ready to start east after the manner of all good actors in his day, he received a mission call. Much to the relief of his family and friends, he used the money for missionary railway passes, board, and tracts. Years later, as an apostle, he liked to tell how he had been saved from the stage.

Some two years ago another member of the same family, Golden L. Kimball, was faced with the same problem, sans five hundred dollars. Ever since Golden was fifteen years old he had intended to become a great actor and a still greater playwright and producer. To get along in the world he organized a company of players when he was seventeen and took them to Idaho. Sometime later he headed a more pretentious company and

Kimball und seine Golden L. Kimball
A. Zeigler, Hann. Broadway und
David G. Tolman, anheben die
Zeit vom Selbstmord und Herr M.
A. Jackson, Dresden, bilden das Ensemble,
das in diesem Spiel ein bezauberndes Bild von
Kimball unter dem Titel "Progression"
(Fortschritt) darstellt und damit großen Erfolg
hat.

Es war sehr interessant, in diesem Bühnen-
spiel ein Problem behandelt zu sehen, das uns
in Europa zum mindesten in Deutschland, nicht
fremd ist: die Frage in sozialistischer
und rein menschlicher Hinsicht, ob einem
Menschen ein Leben, das durch die Entdeckung
"charakteres Blut" in seinen Adern zu haben, an
den Rand der Verzweiflung geführt wird,
aber trotzdem die Kraft zur Überwindung und
dann zu einem inneren Fortschritt ("Pro-
gression") aufweist. Das Spiel hat in Amerika
vielfache Aufführungen erlebt und wurde und von
den Anhängern erfolgreichsten Bühnenspiels der
Neuen amerikanischen Skizzen mit großem
Interesse aufgenommen.

A PART OF TWO PARAGRAPHS FROM THE
"DRESDEN ANZEIGER"

toured Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. After these ventures he wrote "Margaretta" and "Progression," three act dramas. In Los Angeles the Gleaner Girls sponsored the production of both plays and a well-known laundry company issued bulky programs. The following winter Salt Lake saw the latter play in many of its ward chapels.

"Progression" was the young man's favorite. It was his desire to write of Mormonism, not as doctrine but as a way to a happier life. He wanted to show his religion as a kind of knight-errant among less fortunate sects. "Progression" was his first attempt and the chance came while he was waiting for Hollywood to notice some "short

» » The PLAYING MISSIONARY

subjects" he had written. Mormonism was not mentioned once in the play, but it was permeated with some of our mysticism—and some of our practical results. And these are the veritable essence of Mormonism.

Then came the mission call. Would it mean a break in his career that would set him back years? Did his religion mean enough to delay his ambitions? Of course there was the precedent set by the late Apostle Whitney. Golden, while he had nothing against becoming a great man preferred to be an actor and playwright first. Yet he had always wanted to go on a mission. It would be hard to find a field of labor without a Kimball, and two years and a half wouldn't last forever.

"That's one thing you won't

need," his friends told him when he packed a copy of "Progression" in the bottom of his steamer trunk.

He might not need it, but he wanted it as a reminder. "I may play 'Progression' in German," he retorted. And everybody laughed.

So in March, 1931, he came to Dresden, city of old buildings and traditions, of art, of music, and of culture. Six hours a day he studied; then he tracted and after that was done attended meetings and visited members and prospective members. If a spare hour came he visited the great art gallery, rowed upon the river that divided the old town from the new one, and walked dreamily over the ancient stones. There was little time to think of plays. Soon came

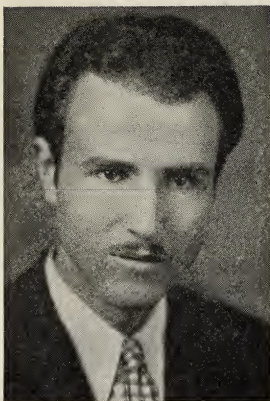
THE CAST FOR "PROGRESSION" AS PLAYED AT
CHEMNITZ, GERMANY



And along comes an elder with a new idea regarding the preaching of the Word—he recognized in the theatre, what all of us should do, one of the greatest agencies for education in the world, and had the courage to take the Gospel Message to the stage.

By
FAY OLLERTON

★



GOLDEN LA MARR KIMBALL

transfers to Gorkitz and Bischofswerda, with more time to think and with a better understanding of the German people. The church members in these cities, like church members everywhere, needed recreation, chances for self-expression, and new interests.

By staying up nights and getting up earlier in the morning he was able to write a three-act comedy—one with its opening in Hollywood and its ending in Germany. The main characters were two young men in search of romance and the German saints took these young fellows to their hearts and rehearsed with a vigor Elder Kimball had not known in America. But before long he was called to Berlin and the play went on without him.

BERLIN, in spite of its Reinhardt's, its grand operas, and its deep love for Shakespeare, liked amateur dramatics. The mission headquarters, long housed in Dres-

den, were now moved to a beautiful old Berlin residence and there was soon to be a great gathering of the German saints. President Budge asked Elder Kimball to work with the M. I. A. and produce some one-act plays. Not hesitant, that young man wrote a play about Joseph Smith and went to his trunk for a short act used in the Mutual Road Show back in Salt Lake. Twenty-seven of the Berlin M. I. A. members helped in the two plays.

"You are to conduct your missionary work just the same," President Budge said to Elder Kimball. "Remember, missionary work comes first."

Tracting, by now, had lost some of its fascination for that young man. He recognized the necessity of it, but it was not always effective to sandwich a precious message between a plea from a beggar and a call from a persistent salesman. Too many times the irate husband called in his inquisitive hausfrau and shut the door in the missionary's face. And in many cases only one kind of people could be reached. There ought to be a more efficacious way for him to preach the gospel.



CHARITY EVENT

For the Dresden Unemployment Relief Fund (Dresdner Winterhilfe) and needy Americans in Dresden



Thursday, March 16, 1933, 8 p. m. in "Kaufmannschaft" Hall, Ostra Allee

Honorary Patronage

Dr. Wilhelm Kulz
Lord Mayor of Dresden

Arminius T. Haerberle
American Consul General

PART I. "PROGRESSION"

Irama, by Golden LaMarr Kimball, played by members of the Utah Dramatic Company, and Mrs. Magdalene Witt, Residenz Theatre, and Mrs. A. K. Janson, Dresden

Preceded by negro spirituals sung by Mrs. ELSA WIEBER, of the Dresden Opera

PART II. SOCIAL EVENING

Refreshments, Dancing, and "Variete" numbers by the following popular artists of Dresden: Marey Brion, Frances Coleman, Elisabeth Fleischer, Wigman School (Florence Gordon and Barbara Mettler), Dresden Revellers, Poldi Harlanns, Frank Marlitt, Gunther Sanderson, Fritz Schultz, Atlantis-Club-Band

Information and Tickets at the "Winterhilfe," City Hall Room 49 (Tel. 24103) and American Consulate Schloss-str. 7 (Tel. 20469). Admission: 3, 2, 1 Marks for the entire performance. Tickets for the second part alone (1 Mark) to be purchased not later than March 15th

"INVITATIONS BEARING ON ONE SIDE A RED, WHITE, AND BLUE SHIELD, AND ON THE OTHER THE GREAT SHIELD OF DRESDEN, WERE SENT OUT."

So "Progression" became "Fortschritt" and was presented at the Residenz-Festale, Lindsberger Strasse 31 on April 1, 1932. It was the first three-act play produced by the M. I. A. in the whole of the German mission's history.

Berlin liked the young Utahn's play. It wept and it cheered; it talked about it on the streets; and it wrote about it in a number of the daily papers. And the players enjoyed themselves so much they decided to go to Eberswalde, a large suburb of Berlin.

Elder Kimball had first in Eberswalde to get permission from the city, promise to pay the "Steuer," about 40 per cent of the receipts, and hire firemen—more firemen it seemed to him than it would take to man a city force. After much talking he persuaded the city fathers that the play was produced by an organization devoted to the welfare of youth. They waived the "Steuer" but the firemen remained. That town also

(Continued on page 90)

The COTILLION Returns

★

CURVES," says the fashion hints, "are in again." And so it seems are all the accessories that accompanied the era of the gay nineties; puff sleeves, bicycling, sentimental ballads and funny little hats. What then will this mean to dancing? Does this revival of fashion and pastime augur a shift to the old square dances? If other parts of the country are any indication of the

modern trend, then the cotillion is early due for a return to Utah. In many dance halls of California the square dance night is a regular weekly feature. In the east, the idea has taken such hold that it is estimated nearly one half the schools having organized physical education classes give instruction in the old dance forms. In the middle west, the old dances are a part of the school curriculum and

in not a few places have crowded out everything in dancing that postdates the two step. Henry Ford, six years ago sponsored a revival program of the old fashioned dances and accelerated their return. With but fashion's pat of approval, their return would seem inevitable.

News of such a return of the cotillion would delight the older generation, who were early trained
(Continued on page 92)



By

Virginia C. Nelson

"HONOR YOUR PARTNER"

Photo from "Berkeley Square" by Courtesy Fox Film Salt Lake Exchange.

WHY IS FAT ?

From the Medical Staff and
Health Service
Brigham Young University



A FROWNING lady, overweight, greeted her physician thus:

"I want you to take my weight down twenty pounds, and let my diet alone!"

Seeking the Fountain of Youth did not cease with the medievalists; and love of the supernatural in matters of health is at least as active now as it ever was. Reason and knowledge will never quite dispel this primitive craving for dramatic abrogation of the laws in our individual behalf, so long as gross ignorance of these laws brings no discredit upon us.

Over-weight constitutes one of those questions in the health field about which a wealth of mis-information exists, and in the name of which unending quackery, hokum, and bunkum are perpetrated upon a once unsuspecting public.

An editorial in the "Medical World," of London, advances the opinion that obesity is the most troublesome ailment the general practitioner has to deal with. This is because part of us become excited with no justification, and others are

entirely indifferent when they should be alarmed. The inconsistency in attitude arises largely from gauging our weight status from tables designated as height-weight standards. It is true that, for people of what might be termed *average build* (whatever that is), these tables may have significance, especially when applied by one's doctor who realizes their limitations. But when the rank and file of us attempt it for ourselves, we are led sadly afield.

AH, that "Fat" question again, but this time authoritatively treated by a competent staff of physicians. The human body is more wonderfully and awfully made than an automobile, yet some people are willing to accept the services of a repair man miles distant who has never seen the machine in need of repairs. A good family Doctor is indispensable—we must make one, some day, available to every family.

and stocky. Just as much "horse sense" in expecting them both to conform to height-weight standards as to say that the percheron, so many hands tall, should properly be kept at the same weight as the Kentucky saddler whose back level is an equal distance from his shoes.

It is difficult to define when one

may be considered obese, or in danger of becoming so. Perhaps, roughly, we might say that a person with normal joints, who can no longer bend sufficiently to fasten his shoe, without sitting down or elevating the foot, is arriving at that state. Why one person will get there, despite every care as to diet and exercise, while another cannot manage accumulation of enough to hide the ungainly knots on his skeleton, continues to be an interesting speculation.

FROM the combined opinions of

Dr. Julius Bauer, of Austria, and Dr. S. Silver, of New York, we quote: " * * although there may be other causes for obesity, the usual one is to be found in the constitutional makeup of the individual, and not in exogenous factors." In other words, these authors feel that something in a given person's system decides whether he will become obese or not.

This belief is distinctly opposed to the dictum set forth by many writers, and expressed in an editorial comment from the Journal of the American Medical Association, that the question of obesity is simply a matter of "physiological book-keeping." More explicitly, it has long been held that if the

(Continued on page 92)

The Power of Truth » Swords and Scabbards

By

William George
Jordan

*

IT is the custom of grateful states and nations to present swords as tokens of highest honor to the victorious leaders of their armies and navies. The sword presented to Admiral Schley by the people of Philadelphia, at the close of America's war with Spain, cost over \$3,500, the greater part of which was spent on the jewels and decorations on the scabbard. A little more than half a century ago, when General Winfield Scott, for whom Admiral Schley was named, received a beautiful sword from the State of Louisiana, he was asked how it pleased him.

"It is a very fine sword, indeed," he said, "but there is one thing about it I would have preferred different. The inscription should be on the blade, not on the scabbard. The scabbard may be taken from us; the sword, never."

The world spends too much time, money and energy on the scabbard of life; too little on the sword. The scabbard represents outside show, vanity and display; the sword, intrinsic worth. The scabbard is ever the semblance; the sword the reality. The scabbard is the temporal; the sword is the eternal. The scabbard is the body; the sword is the soul. The scabbard typifies the material side of life; the sword the true, the spiritual, the ideal.

The man who does not dare follow his own convictions, but who lives in terror of what society will say, falling prostrate before the golden calf of public opinion, is living an empty life of mere show. He is sacrificing his individuality, his divine right to live his life in harmony with his own high ideals, to a cowardly, toadying fear of the world. He is not a voice, with the strong note of individual purpose; he is but the thin echo of the voice of thousands. He is not brightening, sharpening and using the sword of his life in true warfare; he is lazily ornamenting a

useless scabbard with the hieroglyphics of his folly.

The man who lives beyond his means, who mortgages his future for his present, who is generous before he is just, who is sacrificing everything to keep up with the procession of his superiors, is really losing much of life. He, too, is decorating the scabbard, and letting the sword rust in its sheath.

LIFE is not a competition with others. In its truest sense it is rivalry with ourselves. We should each day seek to break the record of our yesterday. We should seek each day to live stronger, better, truer lives; each day to master some weakness of yesterday; each day to repair past follies; each day to surpass ourselves. And this is but progress. And individual, conscious progress, progress unending and unlimited, is the one great thing that differentiates man from all the other animals. Then we will care naught for the pretty, useless decorations of society's approval on the scabbard. For us it will be enough to know that the blade of our purpose is kept ever keen and sharp for the defense of right and truth, never to wrong the rights of others, but ever to right the wrongs of ourselves and those around us.

Reputation is what the world thinks a man is; character is what he really is. Anyone can play shuttlecock with a man's reputation; his character is his alone. No one can injure his character but he himself. Character is the sword; reputation is the scabbard. Many men acquire insomnia in standing guard over their reputation, while

their character gives them no concern. Often they make new dents in their character in their attempt to cut a deep, deceptive filigree on the scabbard of their reputation. Reputation is the shell a man discards when he leaves life for immortality. His character he takes with him.

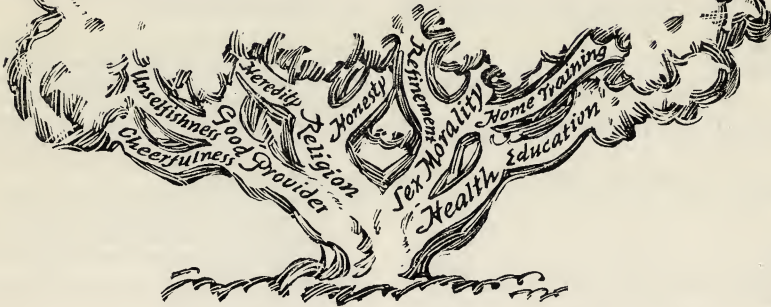
The woman who spends thousands in charitable donations, and is hard and uncharitable in her judgments, sentimentally sympathetic with human sin and weakness in the abstract, while she arrogates to herself omniscience in her harsh condemnation of individual lapses, is charitable only on the outside. She is letting her tongue undo the good work of her hand. She is too enthusiastic in decorating the scabbard of publicity to think of the sword of real love of humanity.

He who carries avarice to the point of becoming a miser, hoarding gold that is made useless to him because it does not fulfill its one function, circulation, and regarding the necessities of life as luxuries, is one of Nature's jests, that would be humorous were it not so serious. He is the most difficult animal to classify in the whole natural history of humanity—he has so many of the virtues. He is a striking example of ambition, economy, frugality, persistence, will-power, self-denial, loyalty to purpose and generosity to his heirs. These noble qualities he spoils in the application. His specialty is the scabbard of life. He spends his days in making a solid gold scabbard for the tin sword of a wasted existence.

THE shoddy airs and ostentations, extravagance, and prodigality of some who have suddenly become rich, is goldplating the scabbard without improving the blade. The superficial veneer of refinement really accentuates the native vulgarity. The more you polish woodwork, the more you reveal the grain. Some of the sudden

(Continued on page 94)

Foundations for Happiness in Marriage



Last October we announced that since February is the month of Valentines—the “Heart” month of the year—that The Improvement Era would prepare for it by being ready to announce the “weights” of good husbands and good wives as determined by those who wished to enter into the contest. We are ready and here is the score.

WITH the help of Mr. Parnell Hinckley who prepared the judgment table and 206 readers of *The Improvement Era* we are now able to tell people how to be happy though or when married. We hoped that we would have several thousand responses, but are grateful that as many as did took the trouble to send in scores.

The award of prizes was to be made to those persons who came closest to the average score of the group. The chart printed on the next page shows the average score, the winning score and the scores of other groups of people. It makes an interesting study. Mr. Hinckley informs us that the scores are not exact to small fractions, but are exact as far as they go.

According to the average score of these 206 responding persons from various parts of the country and from various vocations, sexual morality, health, stock, home training, religion, honesty, good home training, unselfishness, cheerfulness, and education and refinement are important in the order named.

The winners are as follows:

First Place: Mrs. Samuel R. Handy, Franklin, Idaho, and Miss Velma Kinzler, Henrieville, tied.

Second Place: Miss Katherine H. Conger, Rigby, Idaho, and Mr. Eldon Harris, Lowell, Wyoming, tied.

Third Place: Mr. Ernest Burk, Nutrioso, Arizona, Miss Eunice Burk, Nutrioso, Arizona; Mrs. Elsie Burck Porter, Morgan, Utah;

Mrs. Ethel Lynn M. Jones, Kane, Wyoming; Mr. Rulon Paxman, Berlin, Germany; Mr. Peter Loscher, Brazil, South America, all tied.

According to our announcement the winner was to receive \$5. In case of a tie of two for first place, each was to receive \$5; in case three tied for first each was to receive \$4; if more than four tied each was to receive his share of \$12. We have decided, however, to award Mrs. Handy and Miss Kinzler each \$5, Miss Conger and Mr. Harris each \$2; and those tying for third place each \$1.

May they all be happy when or if they are married.

Watch for Mr. Hinckley's next contest—it will be on Personality.

Results—Foundations for Happiness in Marriage

A—Average Score from 206 Individuals.

B—Winners' Score.

C—Average from 6 Prominent Men in Utah.

D—Average from 60 Married Men in Utah.

E—Average from 48 Married Women in Utah.

F—Average from 47 Young Unmarried Women.

G—Average from 21 Young Unmarried Men.

H—Average from 20 Young High School Girls.

I—Average from 10 Young High School Boys.

J—Average from 1 Prominent Salt Lake City Doctor.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	THE AUTHOR'S SCORES AND REASONS OR OPINIONS
Sex											<i>Sexual Morality</i> keeps the home intact and is the pro-
Morality	12+	12	14	13	12	13	12	9	11	7	tection of the home and life at its source.
Health	12—	12	12	13	11	12	13	9	9	7	<i>Health</i> or self-preservation is the primary instinct. It is the basis of all activity, growth, and enjoyment.
Good Heredity	12—	10	21	14	12	9	11	10	9	35	<i>Good Stock</i> or <i>Heredity</i> is secondary, with the future of the offspring and the preservation of the race its goal. It is the foundation of present and future worth-whileness.
Preparation for Marriage State											<i>Preparation for the Marriage State</i> is very important. Preparation is the most essential element and is the best guarantee of success in any undertaking.
Religion	11—	12	5	10	12	10	11	11	10	8	<i>Religion</i> keeps people happy and keeps them striving. It reinforces all the other desirable qualities.
Honesty	9+	8	8	9	11	9	8	8	11	4	<i>Honesty</i> or <i>Integrity</i> is the most important acquisition in life. It is the basis of all foundation of faith, confidence and trust.
Good Home Training	9—	8	11	8	8	8	11	9	10	25	<i>Good Home Training</i> is the hope of the nation. It is our ideal form of government and is our best assurance of a balanced, well-rounded out life and of the characteristics enumerated below being well developed.
Unselfishness	8+	10	8	8	8	9	7	9	10	2	<i>Unselfishness</i> is the basis of successful worthwhile activity and happiness.
Cheerfulness	8	8	6	7	8	9	8	12	12	3	<i>Cheerfulness</i> adds zest, color, mirth, and hopefulness to life, and naturally follows fulfillment of above conditions.
Education and Refinement	8—	8	7	7	7	9	7	11	7	5	<i>Education and Refinement</i> adds the finish to life. It provides the graces and refining influences of life and fills our cup to overflowing.

MR. HINCKLEY'S GENERALIZATIONS

The scoring indicates generally that the greater the experience or maturity of the scorers the greater the variation in scores and vice versa.

The six prominent men score heredity first and religion last.

The 60 married men score good stock highest and education and refinement least.

The 48 married women score sex morality highest and education and refinement least.

The 47 unmarried women score sex morality highest and home training least.

The 20 high school girls score a good provider highest and honesty least.

This Business of Spelling

By IVY WILLIAMS STONE

FOR a long year I devoted all of my leisure to a systematic study of spelling. Early in the game I learned that no single brain could grasp the thousands of words which it seemed necessary to master, so I proceeded to isolate the exceptions. After a thorough study of some fifty spelling texts and a careful examination of Webster's Unabridged, I compiled the following interesting spelling facts, which do not appear in the usual "RULES FOR SPELLING."

1. "K" is only doubled in the words knickknack, trekkers and trekking.
2. "U" likes to travel alone, and only doubles herself in the words

- tridium, vacuum and residuum.
3. "Q" is timid and insists upon being chaperoned by "U."
4. The word supersede is the only one ending *sede*.
5. The words *proceed*, *succeed* and *exceed* are the only three having the ending *ceed*.
6. The words *plenteous*, *beauteous*, *piteous*, *duteous* and *bounteous* are the only five words where final "y" (preceded by a consonant) changes to "e" instead of "i."
7. The words *bogus* and *minus* are the only two adjectives spelled with *us* instead of *ous*.
8. Nouns ending in the sound of

- "us" or "ous" are spelled with the *us* only, and never with the *ous*. For example: status-quietus.
9. Four out of every five words with the suffix "able" or "ible" are spelled *able*, and the remaining one fifth are spelled with *ible*. There are about five thousand words in this class.
10. Nearly every verb of two or more syllables, ending in *ate* forms its noun derivative with the suffix OR, instead of ER. For example, legislator—assassinator—senator.
11. I found only one authoritative word with the double v. Navvy.
12. I found the double "w" only once—glowworm.

Inspired by the Refining Influences of Mormonism, We Will Develop the Gifts Within Us.

A Message for All M.I.A. Workers

*Resume of address
given at the M. I. A.
Convention in Ogden.*

By JOSEPH F. SMITH

of the Speech Department, University of Utah

"And whoso having faith you shall confirm in my church, by the laying on of hands, and I will bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost upon them."†

"And again, it shall come to pass that on as many as ye shall baptize with water, 'ye shall lay your hands, and they shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and shall be looking forth for the signs of my coming, and shall know me.'"‡

"God shall give unto you knowledge by his Holy Spirit, yea, by the unspeakable gift of the Holy Ghost, that has not been revealed since the world was until now."§

"Wherefore, beware lest ye are deceived; that ye may not be deceived seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given; for verily I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep my commandments, and him that seeketh so to do; that all may be benefited that seek or that ask of me, that ask and not for a sign that they may consume it upon their lusts. And again, verily I say unto you, I would that ye should always remember, and always retain in your minds what those gifts are, that are given unto the church. For all have not every gift given unto them; for there are many gifts and to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God. To some is given one, and to some is given another, that all may be profited thereby."¶

TO every Latter-day Saint, subsequent to his baptism and at the time of his confirmation into the Church, is given the gift of the Holy Ghost. Not to one nor to another, but to everyone who is baptized of the water and of the spirit, is this great, "yea, this unspeakable" gift given.

In the concluding verses of the forty-sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord, through His prophet, enumerates some dozen gifts of which one is given to some and another to others, but in each case the gift is bestowed through the power of the Holy Ghost whose especial and divinely appointed mission is to lead those

upon whom it has been conferred into all truth. It is the Latter-day Saint's privilege, then, to operate under the greatest single refining influence in the Universe! If that Latter-day Saint will permit.

Irrefragable and increasingly abundant proof that the universe is obedient to laws of cause and effect has rendered trite the mere statement of the fact. However, it will bear iteration here in recalling to our consciousness that the greatest refining influence in this law-abiding universe must itself, perforce, operate in accordance with law. God, of whom the Holy Ghost is one, is bound to keep the law. Therefore, if the Holy Ghost is to fulfil its function for the Latter-day Saint, or, to put it differently, if the Latter-day Saint is to be inspired by the Holy Ghost, he must in turn live according to the law.

What, then, is the law? Simply and completely answered: the fullness of God's commandments. The Holy Ghost, who knoweth all things, will lead nearest to ultimate truth him who most fully keeps the law.

II

THIS year's slogan has a peculiar and profound significance for the M. I. A. worker. "Inspired by the refining influences of Mormonism, we will develop the gifts within us."

Unfortunately, refinement too often means merely observance of the social amenities. The attribute is mistaken for the thing itself and attributes are sometimes easily feigned. A soft alloy may possess the satiny finish of highly tempered steel. An arch villain may be refined, if by refinement we mean exterior gloss—suavity, affability, courtesy. But, truly refining pro-

cesses are rigorous processes and their severity is proportionate to the degree of refinement which they bring about.

In the physical and chemical worlds, as higher degrees of refinement are attained, the refining processes become more extensive, more exact, more costly. Witness watch-spring steel. If this be true in the inorganic and lower organic worlds, how much more arduous and complex must refining processes be in the social world—the world of human beings—of all our worlds, the most intricate. In it, as in the others, genuinely refining influences, to be effective, demand meticulous obedience to exact formulae and prescribed procedures, but with this difference: In the case of iron which is to become steel, the iron is powerless to set in motion the process for its refinement, even though the refining influences be close at hand, while in the case of man, although the formulae are as exact and the procedures as difficult, he himself can institute the process so that the refining influences, ever at hand, can function. And what are some of these refining influences?

The scriptures are easily obtainable. They contain a fulness of the law. In civil life, our courts specifically sound the warning, "Ignorance of the law excuseth no man." Knowing the law, then, is an individual responsibility. Consistent obedience to the law demands knowledge of the law. Extensive knowledge presupposes intensive study. Is knowledge of the scriptures, which contain eternal, that is divine, law to be gained with less expenditure of effort?

OF especial import to the Latter-day Saints is the book of Doc-

(Continued on page 118)

† Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 33:15.

‡ Ibid. Sec. 39:23.

§ Ibid. Sec. 121:26.

¶ Ibid. Sec. 46:8-12.

The Beloved Cinderella

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

» »

STARGRASS, the lovely girl grown from the deserted baby the Binneys had found, was not theirs any more—she was the daughter of rich Mr. Blanchard. Pap Binney, broken-hearted, felt that something was wrong; Mrs. Binney, weeping, comforted him by telling him that Star would be happy there in the big house—would have everything a girl's heart could desire.

Up at the big house everything seemed strange to Star—cold and unfriendly—*and Etta*, niece of Blanchard, was frankly hostile. Even the friendship of John Nelson, Blanchard's secretary, could not counterbalance the sinister familiarity of James Carr.

Ma Binney, hungry for a sight of Star, is caught in the shrubbery by Blanchard and Nelson. Blanchard immediately takes Star to Paris. He tells her finally that he did so to remove her from the vicinity of Pap and Mother Binney. He refuses to allow her to return to visit the Binneys before leaving New York.

Star studies at a convent-school in Paris and makes great improvement. Blanchard brings her back to New York and gives a party in her honor. John Nelson is promised the first dance, but does not appear and Carr claims it but is refused as Star dances with another partner. Carr later makes love to Star and kisses her. She is furious. Carr hints that if she will accept his suit he will not expose her. Star does not understand. She attempts to leave when Nelson appears and a quarrel between him and Carr ensues. She asks Nelson to go inside. Nelson obeys. Now go on with the story.

A PART NINE

AFTERWARDS, the thought of that moment on the balcony turned Star hot with anger. She tossed on her pillow half the night, angry because Carr had dared to kiss her, shamed, too, because Nelson had seen it. What could he think? Then she told herself angrily that she did not care what he thought, he had not cared enough to dance with her at her first ball! But she lay awake thinking about it; she would have thought of nothing else, trying to solve John's astonishing failure to keep his engagement, if it had not been that Carr's words came back and troubled her. What did he mean by the suggestion that there was something between them, some

mutual knowledge, some secret, that he would bargain about—at the price of her love? At first she had only been angry and repulsed him violently, without thought, but now she began to puzzle over what he had said. She remembered that he had said something like it before—as if she might be allowed to keep her place here—if she would listen to him! It seemed inexplicable, an astonishing impertinence. What right had he to behave so to her? She knew, too, that he must have previously courted Etta, and he was offering to transfer his allegiance to—the heiress!

Even in solitude, Star did not like to think of her father's money as a thing to covet. That he had a great deal, she knew; she had never asked how much. She had a fine feeling of reluctance. She had tried faithfully to love her father; it had not been easy. Ties that bind are formed in childhood; as a child she had adored old Pap Binney. There was nothing in Blanchard—successful, alert, pitiless in the accumulation of money—that suggested the kindly, brusque old man who had carried her, a dew-drenched baby, from the star-grass into his home. Of Pap's love Star had never had any more doubt than of the rising and the setting of the sun; of Blanchard's she was only timidly half-assured.

There had been a glamor in the acquisition of so much wealth, her old allegiance had been badly shaken by an insight into the social conditions of her new life. Temptation had come to her, golden-winged, but, in moments of trouble and doubt, her heart turned back to the old pond; she could see its glimmer in the dusk and feel Pap's hard old hand, clasping her small one.

"See that teeny-weeny tadpole, Stargrass, going to be a big frog some day—want to catch it?"

Star, small and wondering, hanging far out over the lily-pads to look.

"I'm not afraid of 'em 'cept when dey wiggles dem tails, Pap!"

Then he had carried her back to the shop in his arms.

Star sat up in bed in the darkness. "I ought to go down to see them—I will tomorrow! I'll ask father—" her voice trailed and her heart beat.

"We'll call it a deal, I'll never open my mouth. You can go on forever as you are—if you'll marry me!"

What did he mean? How dared he? Star could not sleep. She slipped out of bed, threw on her wrapper and opened her bedroom window wide to the chill of a December dawn.

IT was still dark down among the houses, but a pale light diffused itself above them, against which the blackened roofs and chimney-pots showed themselves in fantastic profiles. Star's room overlooked the garden. The wing which held the ballroom had an upper story. She had never explored it, but she knew that Nelson's room was over there; he slept in the house, at Blanchard's beck and call. As she looked across at it now she saw a light in one of the windows. The shade was drawn and, as she looked, a shadow was outlined on it occasionally, passing and repassing, as if the person who threw it there was tramping to and fro in an endless promenade. Star recognized the shadow, it was Nelson's. So, he could not sleep! She rested her elbows on the sill and watched him march with a gradual relenting. He cared then, he must! Her heart began to beat again with something akin to happiness. She stole back to bed and fell into her first dreamless sleep.

She was late getting up and was only half dressed when Etta came to her door. Something in her face startled Star.

"What is it, Etta? What's happened?"

"There's been a flare-up downstairs; Uncle's furious with John Nelson—on your account; he kept him from the ball. He sent him away, I think, for he was off somewhere last night."

Star stood up. "Etta, not really? Because—" her voice trailed, suddenly the color rose hotly in her face. "It's Carr—he's done it!"

"No!" said Etta steadily, "it's your fault. You've been at Nelson to go and see the Binneys, haven't

you? Uncle's furious, that's it."

"Etta, I've a right to hear from them!" Star flashed out angrily. "They saved me as a baby, they brought me up!"

Etta nodded. "I know! I don't blame you. I hated to keep their letters back. I had to—in Paris; uncle made me. But I never read them, Mary Agnes."

"You kept my letters?" Star's eyes flashed scorn. "I wouldn't have done it—for anyone!"

Etta's face crimsoned. "Yes, you would—if you'd been brought up only to please uncle! I burnt them all so no one could read them. But Nelson—uncle meant to give him a fine berth on his railroad, where he'd have a chance to

rise; I know that, and I don't believe he will now. It's all your fault!"

"But it's not just!" Star cried. "It's Carr. I—I hate him!"

ETTA, leaning against the door, flushed darkly, her eyes gleaming. "What have you done to Carr?" she asked quickly. "Something, I know, for he's furious, too, and he's mad about you. Tell me," she came closer and caught Star's wrist, her hand shaking, "did he ask you to marry him?"

Star hesitated, then her eyes flashed back to Etta.

"Yes! I refused him."

Etta dropped her hand and caught her breath. For a moment

(Continued on page 95)



★

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN," SHE SAID IN A LOW VOICE. "YOU TOLD ME—YOU WERE MY FATHER!" BLANCHARD'S LIPS TWISTED INTO A HARD SMILE. "WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A CLEAR STATEMENT, JIM," HE SAID GRIMLY.

Women and the Peace Movements

By

Elizabeth Fitzgerald

IS it within the power of womanhood, with an innate capacity for weighing spiritual values, to call a halt to this onmarch toward the certain devastation that would accompany another plunge into the maelstrom of another world war? That it is, appears to offer the only hope for distressed human kind.

"Looking beyond their more immediate problem of alleviating suffering and privation, the National Women's Relief Society takes timely action in joining with sister organizations here and abroad to bring the blessing of peace to humanity. It is praiseworthy that this great need of the world impelled this society to adopt this resolution. If men who mold the destinies of peoples will not hearken to the pleadings of womanhood to spare their fathers, husbands and sons from the senseless slaughter of war, civilization faces extinction. For proof, we need only read the records chiseled in stone or written into books to tell of the vain glorious striving of nations for supremacy through blood-letting and destruction."

The foregoing appeared in an editorial in the *Salt Lake Telegram* of October 7, commenting upon the resolution adopted by the L. D. S. Relief Society to join organized womanhood of the world to bring about world peace.

That the danger of another war is imminent is indicated by the following extract from an address delivered early in November before the Kiwanis Club, by Dr. A. L. Beeley: "As the nations are preparing to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the signing of the armistice on Nov. 11, war in western Europe—and therefore the world—is fast materializing. The reason is that the causes of war were not constructively dealt with by the treaty of peace,—war debts and reparations and the revision of national boundaries. This involves a reconsideration and a drastic revision of the treaty of Versailles."

Realizing that much depended upon them the women of America, some nine years ago, under the leadership of Carrie Chapman Catt, organized a committee to study the cause and cure of war. Now, the following organizations have membership on this committee:

1. American Association of University Women.
2. Council of Women for Home Missions.

3. Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions.

4. General Federation of Women's Clubs.

5. National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

6. National Council of Jewish Women.

7. National Federation of B. & P. Women.

8. National League of Women Voters.

9. National Women's Temperance Union.

10. National Women's Trade Union League.

11. National Women's Conference of American Ethical Union. A total of several hundred thousand women.

This committee composed of delegates from each of these organizations has met each January in Washington, D. C., to study the causes of war. Able speakers, both men and women, have contributed to these conferences. Two years ago it was decided war would disappear *only* when the people knew enough about the causes of war to demand action by those in authority.

So these women proposed "The Marathon Round Table." Their object is to abolish war through education.

Each state was asked to organize 10 round tables with a minimum of 10 participants.

Four subjects were outlined for study for the year 1932.

1. Does the trend of world movements indicate that permanent peace will be substituted for recurring wars?

2. Are educational, legislative and campaign policies of peace organizations sufficiently united and definite to push forward the government peace movement with certainty of shortening the period which must elapse before the nations will reach the peace goal?

3. How may peace agencies be so strengthened that they will compel governments to move forward to permanent peace?

4. What do participants think of a five, seven or ten year plan to improve the peace organizations?

Some time before December 15 the leaders of the round tables met in a State Round Table.

Each delegate presented and defended the program recommended by her group. After the proposals and recommendations were heard, the State Round Table made its official report for the Washington conference and a delegate was chosen to attend this meet-

ing and present the findings of the State Round Table.

The first Nation Round Table was held in January, 1933: It was reported that 315 unit round tables had been held and 30 state round tables. 27 states sent Representatives to Washington. Colorado led the states in the number of Round Tables—32—California had 30, Utah had 24.

About 5000 persons had taken part in these study groups.

The findings of the states and the questions discussed were again reviewed and as nearly as possible these were brought into agreement.

No better method of arriving at an expression of public opinion was found, provided of course, that the units were sufficiently numerous. So the plan is being continued this year with a change of topics:

The subjects for study this year are as follows:

1. Manchuria.

2. The Economic Conference.

3. The League of Nations.

4. And any one of these four: War Debts, The Depression, Unemployment, or Disarmament.

Plenty of material is provided for these study groups and a Readers' Course is also outlined. Those who wish to do the reading without joining a round table may do so.

The members in these great women's organizations are helping to form study groups—literally begging their members to read and study with a view toward a better understanding of the causes that lead to wars, and knowing the causes it may not be so hard to find the cure. Someone once wrote:

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate

Can circumvent, or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul."

There are several thousands of these determined souls who hope to present a constructive plan to a chaotic world where so-called Patriotism tends to supersede Christianity. Among the leaders in this great peace movement in this country are Jane Addams, Carrie Chapman Catt, Lena Madson Phillips, Josephine Schain, Dr. Mary Woolley, Emily Kneubuhl, Margaret Butteheisen, and many others of equal note.

Then the members of this Cause and Cure of War Committee have International Affiliations. The Business

and Professional women have an International Federation with splendidly organized groups in 16 countries of Europe, besides representative groups in Canada, Korea, and South American countries. Five good-will tours have visited these various countries in the interest of peace.

The Soroptomist organization has many clubs in Europe. An international congress of women, called by the National Council of the United States, met in Chicago this summer to discuss questions common to all and consequently to understand better how to solve the economic problems which may lead to war. Many from our own city attended these meetings, including Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Mrs. Julia Child, Mrs. Ruth M. Fox, and others.

This council of women has done much to establish the student exchange. The generation now at school will certainly understand the problems facing the different countries in a much better way than ever in the history of the world.

On Nov. 11 we celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of Armistice Day. So it is well to pause in order that we may see what progress we have made along the road to world peace, and there is much to discourage us.

Germany has withdrawn from the League of Nations. The Disarmament Conference for which the women of the world have planned and worked for the last five years seems about to fail. We are told by economists who have spent much time in travel and study in Europe that each country is preparing for war, "armed to the teeth."

Peace Societies and conferences are being either laughed at or scorned. I

don't know which is worse. Prof. Mark Green says there will be a new political party. Dr. Beeley says it will be a women's party. In the midst of this discouragement there is a strong body of men and women carrying on.

On Nov. 10 and 11 there met in Philadelphia "The World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches;" and the Good-will Congress. Protestants, Catholics and Jews are represented in the direction and action of this powerful implement of peace.

In commenting on this meeting, the *Commonweal*, a New York weekly of some importance, had this to say editorially:

"Every religious body in our land, and all individuals who possess religious faith, must absolutely refuse allegiance to fatalism. War is not inevitable. Peace can be made a reality. Belief in the positive power of moral and spiritual power must be not only maintained but exerted actively. Let the cynics laugh at peace meetings, and condemn their futility, if they please. It is tragically true that the very words, 'conference' and 'convention,' have become associated with lamentable failure upon failure. But what were the conferences and the conventions which have failed? For the most part they were gatherings of statesmen, or politicians, or diplomats, or business or legal experts, so called, who went into such meetings as the Economic Conference, or the Disarmament Conference, not only divided into groups of national or economic interests at war with each other, but individually unsettled and uncertain of purpose. They felt obliged to serve, not merely two, but three or four masters. Many

of them possessed a sincere desire to work for the common good of all nations; but then there was the particular claim of their own nation; and the claim of a certain section, or interest, within that nation against other parts not only of their own nation, but of other nations as well. Hence, failure after failure. Precious time wasted in endless discussions of details, and a neglect of first principles. But are dictators to be preferred even to these vacillating politicians and economics and legal experts? Is the spectacle of Lenin, and Hitler, and Mussolini, a revelation of hope to Americans? Shall we not rather stir up our own faith in the essential sanity and virtue and value of democratic liberty, and join to that faith good works that will be practical?"

"In this conference of world alliance for International Friendship, there is no serving of purely Nationalistic or economic special interests. The ideal of the common welfare, the good of humanity, is the ruling principle. But it is not mere humanitarianism. It is not simply service of men. It is not believed by this group that man is sufficient to himself. It is not merely the brotherhood of man that brings this group together. It is the acknowledgment and the service of the Fatherhood of God. And *that* makes all the difference between futility and achievement. This sort of conference really exerts power."

This editorial aptly expresses why in the face of all discouragements we women still carry on, believing that with a common program, a constructive plan, and a devoted faith, we will be able to bring Peace on earth—and good will to all men.

A GOOD HOUSE

"Nothing but durable materials shall be used in this house."—George Washington.

By GRACE MCKINSTRY

It stands a symbol of the best
That lovely homes can give
Their dwellers,—dignity and rest,
A cheerful place to live.

Harmonious with the natural scene
The trees, the stream, the grass,
Well-built, spacious and serene
Its beauty shall not pass.

An owner, one who loved to plan,
Who saw the work well done;
The good home of a gentleman,
Mount Vernon—Washington!

THE VERANDA OF WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MT. VERNON



Dare To Take Time

«»

UNEMPLOYMENT, in relation to adequate leisure time programs, is provoking much discussion, and receiving considerable space in the literature of the day. There is one member of the average large family who glimpses these items hurriedly, and looking up from some unfinished task, wonders vaguely what it is all about.

"How would it feel," the busy mother asks herself, "to have nothing to do? To be puzzled as to the expenditure of a leisure hour?" Like Martha of old, it seems to her, she is always cumbered with much serving. She cannot find time to choose the good part, to sit at the feet of the Master.

"Yes, I say my prayers when I have time," confesses one blithe old lady. "But when I'm too busy I whistle 'em as I go about my work." She at least meets the situation cheerfully.

Owing to the present economic condition, Father is possibly working shorter hours than in many years. Ambitious son is unemployed. Charming little daughter may be busy only two or three afternoons each week. There are younger members of the family who are attending school. What to do during these long leisure hours is a problem much discussed.

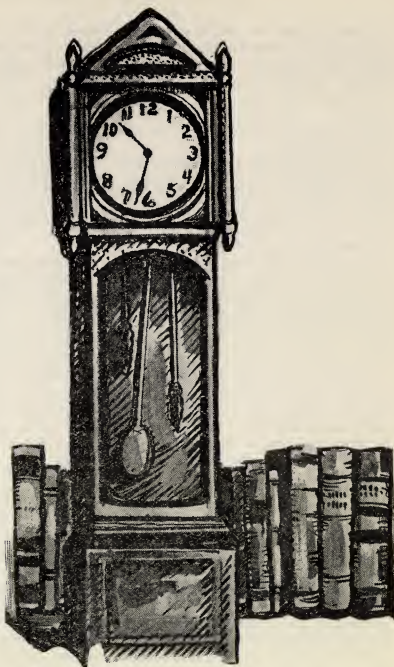
But what about Mother? She must spin out the meager income; make every article do double service; keep the home fires burning and the pot brewing; and above all, she must supervise these hours of leisure, and see that a spirit of content pervades the family board and the shining hearth. Wither, she must keep calm, keep sweet, keep smiling. What hour is she going

to find in, which to fortify her soul against the present need?

She sometimes wonders why she has not more of this valuable, much talked of, commodity. Does she lack ambition? Is she a poor manager? Or is she just slow?

FROM time to time, she is being reminded that the use to which one puts her leisure time is an index to her character; that she should each day, take thirty minutes for John's sake, in which to beautify herself; that a daily dozen will improve her posture and circulation, and incidentally, prolong her years; and that fifteen minutes a day for twenty years, spent with the right kind of books, makes the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated mind. She hears people talking about "How to live on twenty-four hours a day," and she makes a promise to herself that some day, when she can spare the time, she is going to sit down and budget one day of her time, just to see if the absolutely essential duties can be crowded into twenty-four hours.

Many years ago she learned the old adages that, A stitch in time saves nine. Promptness takes the drudgery out of service. Many a valuable heritage has raveled out for want of hemming, and Time spent looking for things is worse than wasted. She has learned, too, to use many short cuts and time-



saving devices, has put her kitchen "on wheels," and is applying lubricants in more ways than one, to keep the affairs of the household running smoothly.

Notwithstanding all her earnest efforts, she is still working to a program so crowded that essentials have to be omitted every day. And nothing detracts more from one's efficiency than a burden of unfinished things.

There is a wealth of beauty she longs to possess, but she cannot find the time to bring it into her life.

There are a certain number of legitimate household tasks that every good housewife, if she would have a well ordered home, is supposed to perform. She has enslaved herself to this program until if she neglects any portion of it, otherwise to enrich her life, she feels that she is stealing the time so used. "I stole half an hour this morning to write a letter or to read a book," she will say. "I'm going to steal time this summer to take a lecture course."

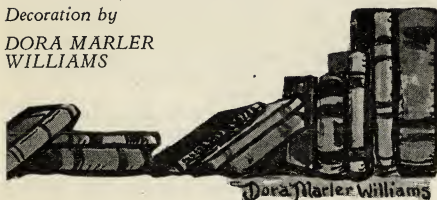
And yet, why shouldn't busy

By
LELLA MARLER HOGGAN

If we would could all of us find a little more time for soul growth—for excursions into intellectual and spiritual lands? Mrs. Hoggan, a busy, busy woman, seems to think we could.

Decoration by

DORA MARLER
WILLIAMS



mothers have a leisure time program, as well as the rest of the world? Why should they have to steal the hours they spend in attaining mental and spiritual growth? What is life for, after all, if every precious, beautiful thing has to be taken by stealth?

A busy mother tells how she dreamed one night that the Angel of death came for her. She begged to be spared yet a little while.

"What have you done with life," asked the Angel, "that you should be permitted to stay longer?"

The woman thought and thought. Finally she answered, "I have borne and reared a family."

"Yes," said the Angel, "Is that all?" Again the woman thought.

"I have tried to be a good neighbor," she said.

"Yes, is that all?"

"I have been a conscientious teacher. I've tried to make the world better."

"Yes, is that all?" repeated the Angel. Again she pondered.

"Yes, that is all," said she. "All my life I have wanted to sing sweet songs, but I never could find the time."

The Angel turned to go, but waited for her.

"I cannot go now," said the woman.

"Why not," asked the Angel. Is not this life a burden to you, an unhappy struggle of work and worry?"

"I know," said she, "but I am not ready. My husband, my little children, they need me."

And then she awoke. She was troubled. What had she done with life? Were accomplished tasks more worthy, if performed in gladness?

SUPPOSE you were called to stand before the judgment bar of God tonight. Would you be satisfied with your achievements? Do you not often ask yourself, "What have I done worth while today? This month? This year?" Are you getting all the sweetness and joy and spiritual growth; all the strength of character, and real worth while happiness out of life, that you desire?

Are the mothers choosing the better part as did Mary of old, or are they clinging tenaciously to a broom, a dust pan, and a mop? If it were made known to you that you had just one more day to live, what would you do with that day?

Suppose a divine messenger were to come to your door each day at twilight, with the challenge, "What have you done with the day?" Would you be satisfied to report repeatedly? "I'm sorry, Lord, but I have just kept house today."

Things do not "turn up" in this world. Men and women do not "happen" to get big jobs. Busy mothers do not "find" time to read or otherwise enrich their lives. They just take the time. Life is not painless. Blessings are not found on bargain counters. We have to pay the price.

"Can you be trusted with leisure time?" asks Professor J. B. Nash. Do you dare to accept the chal-

lenge? "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Families have to be fed and clothed. Clean orderly homes are necessary. But somehow, one manages to find or take the time to do the things for which his heart most hungers. The soul requires more than physical comforts. "Give us bread, but give us roses," is a slogan of the women of the West. Work for permanent results. Do the thing that puts its eternal stamp of good on those with whom you live.

Mother must be on the job all the time. She must have patience and forbearance and boundless faith. She must know that "laughter is a better tonic than ever was bottled." But she must refresh and renew herself often, or she cannot hold her job successfully.

She should have a little moment each glad morning in which to plan, and think, and set her soul in harmony with the day's work ahead; a little time to commune with her God, that she may be fortified against any emergency that may arise during the day.

Little rests rightly used, little moments of relaxation now and then, enrich and beautify life and add joy to the daily song.

"Dost thou love life?" asked Benjamin Franklin. "Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff that life is made of."

It is said that Sir Walter Scott worked three hours before breakfast and two after. He himself said, that he was through with a day's work before some sluggards were out of bed; that by ten he had broken the neck of the day and by noon he was his own man.

One should strive for efficiency in the use of time. Punctuality, prompt action, method, and order are all time savers. The following slogans, if carried out are helpful: "Make your chart before you start," "Take time to check up," "Make your mind a file, not a pile," "System saves energy," "In a world where death is, there is no time for hate." We might well add, "In a world where love and faith are, there is no time for fear and worry, and gossip, and greed.

TIME will vindicate you if you cherish and cultivate your fine ambitions. Achievement is essential

to a long life. It is a glorious satisfaction to feel that one has filled the measure of his creation: accomplished the work he was sent to the earth to do.

But many thankless tasks have to be done. The rainbow in the sky may be glimpsed through a cloud of smothering sorrow. Some of one's most earnest efforts are shed of glory and satisfaction. That which we treasure dearly, often turns to pebbles and dead leaves in our fingers. Sometimes when we reach for bread we receive a stone. Notwithstanding all of these disappointments and heartaches, there is no turning back for the courageous soul.

"Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,

Every woodman in the forest,
every boatman at the oar,
Hewing wood and drawing water,
splitting stones and clearing sod,

All the dusty ranks of labor in
the regiment of God,

March together toward His temple,
do the tasks His hands
prepare:

Honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer."

The path of toil is easier to tread if the tired traveler takes time to refresh himself at the cool stream, and pluck a sweet scented flower by the way.

"For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,

And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you."

We have to practice happiness if we would make a fine art of it. If we put off the cultivation of these lovelier graces too long, we lose the vision of the beautiful.

Let the radiant sunshine of love hallow the every day grind of life, and change the drudgery into loving, happy service. In the little rests of the day, take time for an inspired song, a beautiful poem, a humorous book, a spiritual blessing.

Put beauty into life. It softens the jolts, and refines and enriches the character.

Find romance in the work-a-day task. Reach for the blossoming rose beside the stone in the road. Look for the bluebird in the thorny bush. Remember that:

"Behind the nutty loaf is the busy mill,

Behind the busy mill is the wheat-field,

Behind the wheatfield is the setting sun,

Behind the setting sun is God."

Cultivate faith, "the balance wheel of life:" that calms the ruffled spirit and casts out all fear, and leads the weary traveler through darkness unto day.

Watch for the little moments of leisure, and use them for the enrichment of your own life, and the lives of those with whom you serve.

You are making a life as well as a living. And you cannot take out of life what you have not first put into it. You cannot draw money out of the bank unless it is first deposited to your credit. If the fire on the hearth is not replenished, there is soon only a spent blaze and dead ashes.

LOOK ahead to the twilight of life and provide against the



The Winning Way

By CARL FORDIS

BETTY'S inclined to be sulky;

She labored a week at least

Contriving an intricate, bulky,

And lacy visual feast

Of a Valentine for Mother.

But Mother just gave her a pat

While lavishing praise on Brother

For his crudely colored and flat

Attempt at something akin to a beet

That he did in a rush and a

whirl.

But over her name he had printed

a neat

"To my best girl!"

day when you may be alone and lonely. How can you live during the fullness of life so as to transmute the dull gray distances into a rainbow of promise? What we patiently put into life from day to day, will eventually blossom forth in full glory.

Dare to take time to enrich and beautify your life. Every day add a little to the treasure chest of your soul, that it may not be empty in the hour of your need. Stow away little priceless treasures, worth while gifts, magic memories, that will brighten your peaceful hours when the shadows lengthen; lovely experiences and golden deeds, that will comfort you at the close of the day; spiritual blessings, that will cast out all fear when you tread the sunlit trail into the valley of peace.

Travel straight to the course of happiness; that life's autumn may bring forth a mellow, glorious harvest; rather than a clutter of broken promises, shattered plans, and lost dreams.

"Just a little every day, that's the way." Water dripping on a rock will in time wear a hole through it. Persistent effort accomplishes surprising results. Why fear to attempt some fine praiseworthy undertaking? It may take years to complete it, but when it is finished it will be a source of joy and satisfaction. And the development and soul growth received from the performance will repay you many times over for the effort extended.

Appoint yourself an efficiency expert in your own home, and begin today ferreting out the leaks. Find the little ragged edges of time you have been squandering, and turn them to account. It may net you a few precious minutes, or a lump sum of leisure: an hour you can use in some delightful manner to make life richer and sweeter, and more prolonged.

I have put on a bold front in suggesting ways for you to save and use your time, the very problem you yourself have been pondering these many years. And when you read these lines you will know, as I know, that I have not said what I tried to say at all. You will know, too, that I have been cherishing these thoughts for years, trying to "find time" to put them on paper; and even now, I have had to "steal" the time, before the family was astir, to turn the trick.

George D. Pyper

(Continued from page 71)

see but very few people while here. E. H. Sothern and Henry Miller were two of his very close personal friends. Emma Lucy Gates says that she commenced her long operatic career singing the soprano role opposite George Pyper in the "Jolly Musketeers." From this modest beginning, and with no intermediate acting experience, she stepped onto the stage of the Royal Opera of Berlin. She says, "In all my subsequent operatic experience I never sang with a finer lover nor a tenor with a more beautiful natural quality of voice than dear Uncle George's. It almost melted one to tears. When dressed up in character, silk tights, wig, and makeup, there never was a handsomer lover."

In speaking of the Eighteenth Ward Quartet, Emma Lucy says, "As I look back over the years some of the sweetest and tenderest memories I have are of the group sitting around the camp-fire in Brighton in front of the Whitney-Pyper cottage, I, singing to my own accompaniment on the guitar, and then listening to this memorable quartet, George D., H. G., John D., and Horace Ensign, singing 'Spin, Spin.' It never failed to make me weep. Of all the quartets I have heard since in concert, opera, and radio, none has had the beautiful musical quality nor the power to move me to the depths of my being as this quartet did."

In 1909, Mr. Pyper installed the Church exhibit at the Lewis and Clarke Exposition at Seattle. Mr. Reister Wright, who had worked on the Tabernacle organ made a model of a cross section of the Tabernacle, showing both the exterior and interior of the building. It was a perfect replica, demonstrating the choir seats, the organ, its pipes, the pulpits and the benches. Spencer Clawson and Orson F. Whitney were also members of that commission, and while it was Mr. Pyper who installed it, it was largely Spencer Clawson's idea which Mr. Wright executed. So interesting was the model, and of such historic value, it was placed in the Smithsonian Institute as part of its permanent collection, until it has again been displayed in a world's fair, this time at Chicago.

Mr. Pyper's request for the privilege of using it having been granted, he conceived a new idea for its setting this time, which was approved by a sub-committee under Bishop David A. Smith, and composed of Mr. Pyper, Mrs. Marcia Howells, Oscar Kirkham, Miss Clarissa Beesley, and Miss May Anderson. So, to Chicago went Mr. Pyper, where he consulted with Avard Fairbanks. Together they worked out the scheme for Utah's lovely display.* Mr. Pyper then went to Corvallis, Oregon, where he watched J. Leo Fairbanks paint the picture of the youth who posed for the figure representing Joseph Smith during his first vision, in one of the stained glass illuminations which forms one of the two wings in the background of the exhibit. The other wing, also of stained glass, is composed of a scene called, "In Holy Places." The two pictures are illumined with electric lights from behind, making an extremely beautiful effect. After Mr. Fairbanks completed his portrait of the youth in an imaginary woodland setting, the picture was sent from Oregon to a stained-glass man, whom Avard Fairbanks and Mr. Pyper had already selected in Chicago. Religion is so dear to Mr. Pyper's heart, I can imagine with what love he went through

this undertaking with the two Mr. Fairbanks.

IN 1911, he was manager for the Choir on a six thousand mile trip to New York when it sang Professor McClellan's prize-winning "Ode to Irrigation" in the Irrigation Congress held in the Winter Garden there. Concerts were also held in most of the large cities between Salt Lake and New York. The prevailing spirit of this tour, as on all of the Choir trips, was one of unalloyed friendship and happiness among the members; a buoyant note of strength and joy characterized the whole organization. It was artistically successful and probably the forerunner of the changed attitude of the people of the United States toward the L. D. S. Church.

The occasion for the farewell entertainment in the Salt Lake Theatre, on October 20, 1928, was unforgettably poignant. Unfortunately the structure was irrevocably doomed, but Mr. Pyper's tender affection for the old theatre and its association, and the depth of his profound emotion that evening affected everybody present. The memory of that night will live long in the hearts of those who shared George D. Pyper's last communion with his beloved *Playhouse*.

Even so, there were remarkable achievements yet in store for Mr. Pyper. He says himself, that the biggest thing he ever engaged in was the pageant, "The Message of the Ages," honoring the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Church. Mr. John D. Spencer, his life-long friend, says, "Who but Mr. Pyper could have manipulated and managed anything so many-sided and complex as that pageant, so that finally there were no discords or inharmonies! It came through fire and water." But Mr. Pyper does not take the credit for all that work himself. He lays much of it to those who helped him, because the pageant could not have been worked out without co-operation. The committee was composed of Bertha A. Kleinman, Charlotte Stewart, Erma Felt Bitner, Anne Nebeker, W. O. Robinson, Elbert H. Eastmond, and Junius F. Wells, with A. Hamer Reiser as secretary. The music committee was made up of Anthony C. Lund, Frank W. Asper, LeRoy Robertson, Lester Hinchcliff, and Tracy Cannon. But Mr.

See December, 1933, Era.



Photo by H. R. M.
WALL LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Pyper did get the different elements of the vast production together.

Sometimes it takes a long time to bring a thing of beauty to life, but how worth while it is! It is Mr. Pyper's very exactness and precision, and his desire to give everyone his due, that enabled him to work things out to such a successful conclusion. From an intricate mass of ideas and details, he molded the pageant into a singularly beautiful and unified whole. During all the months of its growth and development there was not a clashing note among its hundreds of participants that he did not mitigate with his genial kindness and tact. This inspired production was a perfect tribute to the management and character of the man who presided over it, and to his rare capacity and understanding!

At present Mr. Pyper is associate editor of *The Instructor*, and he is also entrusted with the organization of the weekly radio programs which broadcast a dramatization of the Church hymns. Although he does not write the plays, he manages and shapes the ideas. It is not surprising that they are very interestingly produced by one who has had the deepest respect for all phases of his religion and by one in whose home music has helped to form the ideal companionships that have existed there. Around his fireside the fulness of life has been demonstrated in a most perfect blending of the artistic, the spiritual, and the social phase of cultural life. Long years ago, Mr. Pyper and his daughter, Retta, and Mr. H. G. Whitney and his sister, Emma, used to sing together at musical evenings in the Pyper home. Among other numbers, they charmed their friends with

quaint rounds and ballads from the early English.

Mr. Pyper's artistic life was bound up in the constancy of his friends. His friendship for Evan Stephens, "Bud" Whitney, as H. G. was called, and John D. Spencer was so intimate and sacred that one hardly dares speak of it except with reverence. These four men were all intensely fond of the beauties of nature. For a long succession of summers they sojourned together at Brighton, where they gloried in the glistening light of those tall jagged mountains and the soft shadow of the deep woods. The sounds of bird, leaf, and stream were delicious accents to their ears; the gorgeous panorama of colorful flowers and green meadows was a picture of loveliness to their eyes.

ONE day, long ago, the four of them climbed almost to the crest of the mountains, east of Brighton, where they came to rest on a spot which they call the "Crow's Nest," or "Stephens' Roost" of late years. Mr. Pyper tells the following story about their experience in the "Crow's Nest" in an article which he wrote about Evan Stephens for *The Juvenile Instructor* for October, 1923. He says, "This (the nest) was nothing more or less than a native pine tree flattened by the heavy snows which laid on the boughs for eight months in that locality, forming a natural platform on a ledge far up on the side of the Brighton hills. Here, cross legged, like the tailor of old, Professor Stephens would sit and in imagination lead a mammoth choir made up of the forest crowding the basin below. Here on the right, a grove of fresh young pines represented his sopranos. A little below in the colorful rays of the setting

sun, were his contraltos. To the north, there on a raised hill, stood his tenors, and to the extreme right, under the full shadow of the hills, waited his bassos. Interspersed among the pines the quaking aspens sparkled and fluttered and these furnished the brilliant accompaniment for his novel imaginary choir. As the sun slowly sank and the evening breezes played among the sighing pines there seemed almost miraculously to come forth like the legendary 'Music of the Spheres,' the magnificent harmonies of nature's singers."

Each succeeding summer these four men visited this enchanting amphitheatre of the gods, until death called Mr. Whitney to the life beyond. Then the three of them went. For the last four years, since the death of Professor Stephens, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Pyper have climbed together to this shrine of their devotion. Here they dedicated themselves to the memory of their friends, and to the music of nature's choir they love so well. They expect to make their annual pilgrimage to this spot so long as they both shall live.

Music and the drama—the well-springs from which George D. Pyper has derived his very breath of life, and from which has emanated the motivating spirit of his long life of service to his State! Mr. Pyper is best known because of his love for music, his lyric tenor voice, his unceasing devotion to the arts, his literary works and his abundant willingness to serve. He is one of Utah's foremost sons in the development of her cultural life. Through the warp and woof of Utah's artistic expression the course of his life gleams like a golden strand.

The Playing Missionary

(Continued from page 73)

liked the play and two reporters called on the author.

It was summer now and the blithe, tamed country of Germany seemed to be made for him. President John A. Widtsoe sent word from England that Elder Kimball's missionary work was to be play producing. He was to go from

city to city, playing "Fortschritt" and using the members of the branches whenever possible. Along with this message came word that his plays were to be used in all branches of the European mission.

From city to city he went. The mayor of Rathenow didn't like the word "Mormon" and made the missionary pay every conceivable tax and hire all the unemployed firemen. (At least it seemed that way to Elder Kimball.) Leipzig waived the "Steuer" and six marks were sent into the Church coffers at Berlin. At Chemnitz dreams almost

came true. A thousand people came to see his play one night and pronounced it good. In three hours he reached more people than he had in months of former missionary work. Zwickau, Erfurt, Plauen, Hohenstein, and Gera all saw the play and each time the audience increased. Elder Kimball learned early in the season that the best halls in the city could be hired more reasonably than could the second-rate ones. As soon as he reached town, he located the hall with the best stage and then set the German saints to selling tickets. A year's

subscription to the "Stern" was the prize and they sold with gusto. Between acts the missionaries sang and when it was advisable the District President gave a talk. Afterwards the missionaries distributed tracts. Some nights the waiting crowd was so long that it resembled the admirers of a great prima donna.

ONE early spring day Elder Kimball came to Dresden. Success here meant much to him. Dresden was his first field of labor and the branch was large. But before he could assemble his cast, there was the necessary red tape, and in unrolling it he met Dr. Kulz, Lord Mayor of Dresden, and A. C. Haerberle, American Consul. Both of these celebrities liked the enthusiastic young man and had no objections to his producing a Mormon play. In fact, when they read it, they thought it would be a good idea to play it in English after the German version had been produced. Because they wanted to be very certain of the drama's success they had a number of authors read it, all pronouncing it good.

Shades of all those Mormon missionaries who kept the home folks up nights with tales of their flights from the German police and still worse tales of days spent in German jails for sweet religion's sake!

The American Consul took Elder Kimball about town and introduced him to fashionable Dresden and the American colony. No Cinderella ever grew into a princess as rapidly as "Progression" became famous in Dresden. Magdalene Witt, famed actress of the Residenz Theatre in Dresden, of which there is none grander, would play the lead. Mrs. A. K. Janson, wife of a prominent American doctor, would paint her face black to look like Liza Johnson. The Mary Wigman Dancing School (and say it with awe) would send its best dancers. Elsa Wieber, soprano of the Dresden Opera Company, would sing Negro spirituals, and the Atlantis Club Band would be there. The place was the large hall of the Kaufmannschaft and the proceeds would go to charity, distributed by the Lord Mayor and the American Consul. Invitations, bearing on one side a red, white, and blue shield and on the other side the great seal of Dresden, were sent out to who's who in the city with a notation that evening dress was required. David Tolman, H. H. Trayner,

and Lynn Broadbent, late of Utah or thereabouts, came in from the field to play and Elder Kimball had the lead. He also had a secretary to keep his engagements in order and to answer telephone calls.

Then came Adolph Hitler. Nazi soldiers conflicted with the local authorities and brown shirts marched in and out of public buildings, paraded the streets, and separated little groups who gathered on corners and in cafes. It looked as if "Progression" would be sent into limbo and the missionaries scattered. Then Dresden adjusted itself to the brown shirts and the play went on.

On March 16 the curtain rose in the large hall of the Kaufmannschaft and revealed an audience of sophisticated Dresdeners, counts and countesses, princes and princesses, ladies with gleaming jewels and gentlemen with glistening fronts, dramatic critics from all the Dresden papers, twenty-five missionaries, and President Budge and his wife. How the missionaries got dress suits is not known.

It was a night when hundreds of persons who had not thought twice of Latter-day Saint doctrines sat there and absorbed them with enjoyment. A night when the cultured and the great and the near-great asked, "Who are these young men who come to preach religion and stop to entertain us?" A night worth living all one's life for.

NEXT day every Dresden newspaper carried long stories about

the young American and his charming play. The Consul himself sent the story to the *Paris Herald* and the *United Press*. He invited Elder Kimball to innumerable teas to meet the people who wanted to see him and ask him questions about his heartening religion. At one of these affairs a distinguished German lady sought him. "You and your companions," she declared, "have started all Dresden to talking and wondering. We cannot understand you. You come upon us like a great wind, take us by storm, and then fade away. They tell us that you don't drink wine, tea, nor coffee—and smoking you think a vulgar habit."

Homes that never before had been open to a Mormon missionary unlocked their doors and heaped their tables. Prejudices were broken down, and lasting friendships were started that had before seemed unattainable.

Just before Elder Kimball left Dresden a letter came to him from the American Consul. It said in part: "Permit me to thank you again for the invaluable help that you and your colleagues of the Mormon Mission in Germany have given us in connection with our recent charity event for the needy Americans of this city and the Unemployment Relief Association of Dresden. I have spoken with a great many people, Germans, Americans, and others, who were present to hear your play 'Progression,' and I can assure you that all enjoyed the same very much. Not only did they comment favorably on the splendid acting, but also on the play itself. * * * For the great help which you have given us, I wish to express to you before your departure from Dresden my sincerest thanks."

Elder Kimball had done something for the Church which he loved and done it with beauty created by himself. East Prussia next and then the end of his mission. The end of his mission, and he was far on his way.



Photo by W. B. Hales.
LATE AUTUMN NEAR PROVÓ

I MAINTAIN, against the enemies of the stage, that patterns of piety, decently represented, may second the precepts."—Dryden.

GOD offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, and you can never have both."—Emerson.

The Cotillion

(Continued from page 76)

in the precision and stately grace of the square figure, and would doubtless intrigue with anticipation the younger folk, who titillate for something new.

CAN the dances return with all the eclat of former days with the glory that was theirs before the age of onesteps and jazz music? Or will the revivication of the stately dance be marked by the greater dash of style and distinction that the younger generation displays in the whole gamut of its new adoptions from eyebrows to bustles.

In any event, it will be an interesting evening when the whole family turns out en masse for their first night of the old fashioned dance. It will be a matter of speculation as to who will appear to best advantage in the revival exhibitions; the parents, familiar since childhood with the complicated figures, or the daughters and sons, to whom dancing has become second nature. The dignity and grand manner Mother displayed in the dances of her day, may be off-

set by the easy manner, poise and skill of the present generation. It may be that Dad and Mother will be eclipsed entirely when these dancing sons and daughters adopt the Rage Quadrille and the Polka. Daughter's courses in esthetic dancing may have created a grace in her "address" and "balance" that Mother may envy, but not copy.

The going back to the old dances will be more than just another fad. Anything as delightful as were the Lancers and the Rage Quadrille have a way of returning and reviving. There was an aureole around the old square dances; an inimitable flavor of gallantry, grace and romantic gayety. The military note of the Lancers' music and the stringed harmony of the Minuet accompaniment were enchanting invitations to dance. The music of these measures brings an exhilaration the less rhythmic modern miscellany fails to evoke.

The long full skirts of fashion will be an appropriate setting for the tempo of the old dances. They are remindful of the days when an invitation to dance was answered by a formal curtsy; when rigid ceremony marked the conduct on the dance floor and when chivalry and gallantry blossomed as natu-

ally as when "Knighthood was in flower."

THE cotillion affords a delightful precision of movement. There is no starting with the wrong foot, or slouchy cutting of the corners, without spoiling the whole figure. The men move with military exactness. Their carriage is erect and dignified. They are at the same time alert and keen. The women have opportunity for display of individual grace of gesture, of posture, of rhythmic walk and elegance of bow. It is the dance made eloquent or enhanced by the tilt of the head or the archness of a shoulder. It was a dance which promptly denoted by the degree of stateliness and manner employed, the social status of the dancer; identified him as either a gentleman or a rowdy. One learned from the figures, not only dance steps, but social conduct and deportment, courtesy and decorum.

Other parts of the country are having their square dance revivals. Their recall would seem peculiarly appropriate in Salt Lake City and Utah; in the land where Brigham Young over eighty years ago counseled the people to dance and enjoy themselves if they would "buoy up their spirits and make their bodies vigorous and strong."

Why Is Fat

(Continued from page 77)

energy intake—in the form of foods—were carefully restricted to energy output or consumption, there would be no increase in weight. And, accordingly, all one has to do about obesity is to cut down the food intake to a level below that necessary for the body's needs, and excess body fat will be burned up.

Unfortunately, the problem is vastly more intricate than this simple formula; and, in the words of Dr. Henry R. Harrower: "It takes more than a reduced diet and a muscle vibrator to reduce obesity."

Among the causes of obesity, over-eating and under-exercising must still be accepted as producing certain cases. Thus, it has been pointed out that wealthy individuals, who—especially about middle age—are given to this sort of thing in their manner of living

and who are in the habit of indulging regularly in rich viands, almost invariably become victims of obesity. All of us number among our acquaintances persons who are heavy eaters, and who are decidedly over-weight, as well as some who are just as generous in their repasts and abnormally thin. It is interesting to observe that the majority of young children with parents who live a great deal in hotels, show a tendency to obesity.

Some writers, especially in Germany, have stated that drinking water or other fluid with the meals tends to increase the appetite for food, inclining one to eat more. They also suggest that water may be retained in the tissues and increase weight directly. Their remedy consists of having obese persons refrain from drinking with meals, and in urging them to take a salt-free diet.

These measures may prove helpful in a given case, but the writers strongly question their ever being sufficient to effect any marked

change in weight already acquired. As preventive measures they may be useful.

The various glands of internal secretion, such as thyroid, pancreas, pituitary, and gonads (sex glands), have been studied as possible instigators of changes leading to obesity. While we know that perhaps the majority of obese people have their over-weight because of disturbances in the regulating powers of these glands, we do not yet understand fully how to remedy or control the abnormalities.

AMONG the gland groups, so-called *pancreatic obesity* is common. In attempting explanation of this, one writer has said: * * * the pancreas, after having been imposed upon year after year, eventually gets tired of putting in so much overtime, and gradually allows some of its duties to accumulate—in the way of excess body weight.

Such a statement at once implies

overeating by the person, in order to make the pancreas work "over-time," and would seem to recognize a combination of the first cause with this one. When we overload the digestive apparatus, some organs will be required to do extra work to keep the machine in running order. Continued long enough, such excess labor means wearing out of over burdened structures, with consequent lowering of their ability to function. This follows the belief of Dr. Joslin of New York, noted authority on diabetes mellitus (sugar diabetes), who says that "diabetes is a penalty of obesity," meaning that after a certain wearing out of pancreatic function, there develops a further disability in the organ's capacity to deal with sugars and store them up. Consequently an excess of sugar overloads the blood and is excreted by the kidneys. He points out that obesity precedes diabetes in forty per cent of patients having that dreaded disease.

Another recognized group is labelled *thyroid obesity*, because in it there is evident disturbance of function in this gland. The thyroid is figuratively the great fireman of the body engine. If this fireman is over-active and pushing the combustion beyond what is required an individual loses in weight, is nervous, has sleepless nights, is irritable, and like a motor being speeded with the clutch released, trembles, is jerky, and certain to come to grief. Such a picture roughly characterizes toxic goitre, which is one of the results of thyroid over-function.

Where this gland is sluggish and fails properly to keep the body fires up to their normal level, a condition spoken of as suboxidation develops, and unburned materials are stored as fat. Such obesity is most common among young girls, and in women nearing the "change" or menopause, but it may occur at any time, and in men as well as in women.

As pointed out by Dr. Harvey Cushing of Boston, thyroid obesity occasionally develops following a severe infection, such as typhoid fever. Perhaps this means overloading the thyroid to a point where it partly breaks down.

Since thyroid obesity is due to lowered gland function, one might conclude its cure to consist merely of feeding the gland preparations.

However, all the glands of internal secretion (thyroid, pituitary, adrenals, gonads, etc.) are intimately dependent upon each other, and any seeming deficiency of one usually involves others. This fact makes it perilous for persons who are over-weight, or who fear they may become so, to begin self-medication with the various gland preparations which are on the market. Sometimes they incur results which require operation for toxic goitre even partly to remedy. Thyroid gland tablets, taken without wise direction and due caution, constitute a dangerous drug. They should never be taken except under the guidance of a competent physician. It seems a travesty upon our governmental intelligence that this preparation should be allowed to constitute the active ingredient of certain patent medicines advertised to cure obesity.

THE *pituitary gland*, when disturbed in its function, has long been known to allow development of a particular type of corpulence, characterized by heavy deposits of fat about the waist and thighs. Located at the base of one's brain, this interesting little gland presides over growth of the skeleton, and over certain phases of sugar metabolism. Abnormality of it resulting in obesity is most likely to occur in children after the fourth year, and in the early twenties. Here again, successful treatment requires careful study and the inclusion of other gland principles along with those of the pituitary.

At about the time the *gonads* or *sex glands* give up their function of procreation, there often appears a form of obesity which shows itself in general heaviness, with marked prominence of the abdomen. Distortion of the balance between various units in the chain of in-

ternal secretory glands seems to be responsible. Most of us feel that we must accept this as inevitable and make the best of it. Perhaps that is in a measure true, but it is possible to limit considerably the extent of change, if we seek aid of a physician who interests himself in such problems.

Like many another affliction, obesity has both advantages and disadvantages. The fat person is much more likely to remain good natured and philosophical under all conditions. He usually radiates joviality, and has few grouches compared with the thin individual. On the other hand, his excess weight places limitations upon his physical ability; overburdens his heart, as well as causing the heart muscle to be shot through with fat (fatty degeneration); favors the occurrence of diabetes; and is likely to produce flat feet.

What then shall we do about it? Let us first mention a few don'ts:

(1) *Don't take thyroid gland, or "fat cures," except under the careful guidance of your family physician.* Remember he is better qualified to know its dangers and limitations, as well as to know whether it may safely be applied to your particular case.

(2) *Don't adopt and follow the silly and blatantly advertised "diets,"* so glibly prescribed by syndicated quacks. It is true their smoothly worded "health articles" sound well in print, but they are usually far from safe as guides to healthful living. Your physician is frequently called to care for those whose constitutions would not stand the abuse of such folly. *Talk to him first.* Don't attempt self-diagnosis. Get the help of someone who can study your particular problem as an observer, and analyze its peculiarities. Even the physician who essays to diagnose his own ailment usually arrives at a *wrong conclusion!*

(3) *Don't allow yourselves to be "high pressured"* into using any of the glorified salines so popular at this time. These various purgative salts are put up under catchy names, advertised loudly as cures for obesity, arthritis, stomach trouble, etc., etc., and sold to the "gullibles" in great quantities. Their whole action comprises whipping up the bowel, and extracting water from the tissues. Daily use of such means has fre-

Once

By Christie Lund

ONCE, I measured life by years—
Years aglow with youthful dreams.
Once, I saw the road ahead
Through a mist of rainbow gleams.

Now, I measure life each day:
Saying, "This is all God gave."
Knowing that though hearts may break
For that space they can be brave!

quently led to ill health and even to invalidism. Avoid these commercialized products, until you have sought advice from someone trained to give it.

IN dieting for weight reduction—the simplest treatment—individuals generally go far afield, not infrequently doing harm to the digestive mechanism from which it does not readily recover. In his book, "Clinical Dietetics," Dr. Harry Gauss states rational general principles underlying the reduction diet as follows:

"From the nutritional point of view, the increased fat depots of the body represent so much reserve energy; consequently in the therapy an attempt is made to call forth these fat deposits. This is done by supplying a diet which has less than

a maintenance caloric value and so compelling the body to draw upon its reserve energy, in this way making an attack upon the fat depots; while at the same time an effort is made to increase the energy expenditure of the body by encouraging physical exercise. A person of sedentary habits requires about 2500 calories a day. If less is given than the required amount, the balance will be drawn from the energy reserve of the fat depots. * * * 1200 calories is usually the basis of the rational obesity therapy. It includes the necessary protein requirement, ample amounts of roughage, vitamins and inorganic salts, while the carbohydrates and fats are restricted."

That last sentence is of utmost importance. The diet *must* con-

tain proteins for repair of body cells; and the other substances mentioned are of equally great significance. Any other plan of dieting to reduce runs grave risk of digestive disease, acidosis, anemia, lowered resistance to disease, and lessening of vital reserve.

Changing the diet is likely to have little effect if a glandular deficiency is present. In fact some people actually get heavier, when dieting in the hope of reducing their weight. As in all other ill health, a diagnosis of the underlying cause should be made, and the treatment fitted to remedy it. Obesity is a disease symptom which needs the wisdom and experience of your physician no less than does any other malady.

The Power of Truth

(Continued from page 78)

legatees of fortune have the wisdom to acquire the reality of refinement through careful training. This is the true method of putting the sword itself in order instead of begemming the scabbard.

The girl who marries merely for money or for a title, is a feminine Esau of the beginning of the century. She is selling her birthright of love for the pottage of an empty name, forfeiting the possibility of a life of love, all that true womanhood should hold most dear, for a mere bag of gold or a crown. She is decorating the scabbard with a crest and heraldic designs, and with ornaments of pure gold set with jewels. She feels that this will be enough for life, and that she does not need love,—real love, that has made this world a paradise, despite all the other people present. She does not realize that there is but one real reason, but one justification for marriage, and that is,—love; all the other motives are not reasons, they are only excuses. The phrase, "marrying a man for his money," as the world bluntly puts it, is incorrect—the woman merely marries the money and takes the man as an incumbrance or mortgage on the property.

The man who procrastinates, filling his ears with the lovely song of "tomorrow," is following the

easiest and most restful method of shortening the possibilities of life. Procrastination is stifling action by delay, it is killing decision by inactivity, it is drifting on the river of time, instead of rowing bravely toward a desired harbor. It is watching the sands in the hourglass run down before beginning any new work, then reversing the glass and repeating the observation. The folly of man in thus delaying is apparent, when any second his life may stop, and the sands of that single hour may run their course,—and he will not be there to see.

Delay is the narcotic that paralyzes energy. When Alexander was asked how he conquered the world, he said: "By not delaying." Let us not put off till tomorrow the duty of today; that which our mind tells us should be done today, our mind and body should execute. Today is the sword we should hold and use; tomorrow is but the scabbard from which each new today is withdrawn.

The man who wears an oppressive, pompous air of dignity, because he has accomplished some little work of importance, because he is vested with a brief mantle of authority, loses sight of the true perspective of life. He is destitute of humor; he takes himself seriously. It is a thousand-dollar scabbard on a two-dollar sword.

THE man who is guilty of envy is the victim of the oldest vice in the history of the world, the meanest and most despicable of hu-

man traits. It began in the Garden of Eden, when Satan envied Adam and Eve. It caused the downfall of man and the first murder—Cain's unbrotherly act to Abel. Envy is a paradoxical vice. It cannot suffer bravely the prosperity of another, it has mental dyspepsia because someone else is feasting, it makes its owner's clothes turn into rags at sight of another's velvet. Envy is the malicious contemplation of the beauty, honors, success, happiness, or triumph of another. It is the mud that inferiority throws at success. Envy is the gangrene of unsatisfied ambition, it eats away purpose and kills energy. It is egotism gone to seed; it always finds the secret of its non-success in something outside itself.

Envy is the scabbard, but emulation is the sword. Emulation regards the success of another as an object lesson; it seeks in the triumph of another the why, the reason, the inspiration of method. It seeks to attain the same heights by the path it thus discovers, not to hurl down from his eminence him who points out the way of attainment. Let us keep the sword of emulation ever brightened and sharpened in the battle of honest effort, not idly dulling and rusting in the scabbard of envy.

The supreme folly of the world, the saddest depths to which the human mind can sink, is atheism. He surely is to be pitied who permits the illogical philosophy of petty infidels, or his misinterpretations of the revelations of science,

to cheat him of his God. He pins his faith to some ingenious sophistry in the reasoning of those whose books he has read to sum up for him the whole problem, and in hopeless egotism shuts his eyes to the million proofs in nature and life, because the full plans of Omnipotence are not made clear to him.

On the technicality of his failure to understand some one point—perhaps it is why sin, sorrow, suffering and injustice exist in the world—he declares he will not believe. He might as well disbelieve in the sky above him because he cannot see it all; discredit the air he breathes because it is invisible; doubt the reality of the ocean because his feeble vision can take in but a few miles of the great sea; deny even life itself because he cannot see it, and no anatomist has found the subtle essence to hold it up to view on the end of his scalpel.

He dares to disbelieve in God despite His countless manifestations, because he is not taken into the full confidence of the Creator and per-

mitted to look over and check off the ground-plans of the universe. He sheathes the sword of belief in the dingy scabbard of infidelity. He does not see the proof of God in the daily miracle of the rising and setting of the sun, in the seasons, in the birds, in the flowers, in the countless stars, moving in their majestic regularity at the command of eternal law, in the presence of love, justice, truth in the hearts of men, in that supreme confidence that is inborn in humanity, making even the lowest savage worship the Infinite in some form. It is the petty vanity of cheap reasoning that makes man permit the misfit scabbard of infidelity to hide from him the glory of the sword of belief.

THE philosophy of swords and scabbards is as true of nations as of individuals. When France committed the great crime of the nineteenth century, by condemning Dreyfus to infamy and isolation, deafening her ears to the cries of

justice, and seeking to cover her shame with greater shame, she sheathed the sword of a nation's honor in the scabbard of a nation's crime. The breaking of the sword of Dreyfus when he was cruelly degraded before the army, typified the degradation of the French nation in breaking the sword of justice and preserving carefully the empty scabbard with its ironic inscription, "Vive la justice."

The scabbard is ever useless in the hour of emergency; *then* it is upon the sword itself that we must rely. Then the worthlessness of show, sham, pretence, gilded weakness is revealed to us. Then the trivialities of life are seen in their true form. The nothingness of everything but the real, the tried, the true, is made luminant in an instant. Then we know whether our living has been one of true preparation, of keeping the sword clean, pure, sharp and ready, or one of mere idle, meaningless, day-by-day markings of folly on the empty scabbard of a wasted life.

The Beloved Cinderella

(Continued from page 83)

she was mad with joy; he could not get the heiress after all!

Star, dressing with shaking hands, felt a hot wave of resentment sweep over her. "I hate him!" she said, bitterly. "It's his fault. I don't even like him; I told him so!"

Etta went to the door. She was shaken, too, but with a storm of emotion that had to do with all Carr's love-making. She turned and looked back at Star. Something in the girl's beauty, her honesty, touched her.

"I'm going to tell you," she said shakily. "I know I shouldn't, but there's trouble, besides the trouble about Nelson—Carr has made it for you. I don't know what it is, but uncle's stricken by it, I saw his face. You were wrong—" she added in a low voice—"wrong to make Carr angry; he's uncle's lawyer. There's something terribly amiss—there! I've warned you—" Etta caught at the door, half sobbing.

Star turned a startled face. "What do you mean?" she cried.

"I don't know it all—I can't tell you what I do know—but I've warned you!" Etta panted and went out, half sobbing.

Star, left alone, felt more bewildered than alarmed. She could make nothing of Etta's strange warning. There was trouble—what kind of trouble? She was hooking up her gown in feverish haste when a maid came to her door.

"Mr. Blanchard would like to see you in the library, miss," she said in a low voice.

The girl's face was grave; something in her look told Star that the summons was unusual. Her father had sent for her to come to his library; he had never so summoned her before. Vague misgivings stirred in her mind, a strange thrill of fear ran through her, but she went firmly downstairs and crossed the hall to the library door. She drew a sharp breath there, pressing the handkerchief against her lips. Then, suddenly, she remembered her father telling her, indulgently, that if she wanted anything to come to him. How foolish she was to let Etta frighten her about Carr! Her father was good to her, she

trusted him. Perhaps he was going to offer her a check for a new gown—it would be so like him! She laughed hysterically, opened the door and went in.

BLANCHARD was sitting at his desk his face in shadow. A little way off, standing with his back toward the fire, was James Carr. At the sight of him Star stopped short.

"You wanted me, Father?"

Blanchard made a mute sign of assent and then, as Carr started, apparently intending to leave the room, he stopped him.

"Please remain, Jim, you'll have to clear up some points for her, no doubt." Turning to Star he spoke grimly: "Sit down, I have some questions to ask. Perhaps you know what they are?"

Star sank into the nearest chair and looked at him, startled and flushed. "No, I don't know! Why are you angry, Father?"

"I'm no father of yours," Blanchard replied harshly; "of course you know that!"

Star was dumb. The shock of it sent the blood back to her heart. She did not understand, but his

(Continued on page 120)

Who Was George Washington?

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a boy born on a farm, one might call it an "estate," in Virginia, in 1732—February 22. He was an aristocrat by birth and training, but he became a great democrat.

He loved the soil, fine horses, and fine people. He loved also his home which he built on the banks of the Potomac at Mt. Vernon. That he loved his home is indicated by the fact that he built it so well that it still stands. His rose garden is still preserved. Everywhere about that fine old colonial house there on the banks of that peaceful river are memories of him.

He became a great general, but he still loved people—common people. He was offered a crown, but he chose to be merely a president of his people. He wanted them to have the power to remove him if they desired to do so. He served two terms and then retired to his farm, his horses, and his friends in private life.

He had great dreams for the then little country which he had helped usher into the world. He died believing that Americans everywhere were and would continue to be patriotic, high minded, lovers of people—the common people. Two hundred two years have elapsed since his birth, one hundred thirty-five—approximately—since his death.

What of his dreams? What of his Americans?
—H. R. M.

Who Was Abraham Lincoln?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a boy born in a log cabin in the woods on a farm, one might call it almost a squatter's claim, in Kentucky, in 1809—February 12. He was a common, everyday lad by birth and training.

He loved books, the soil, and people. He also loved the Union. America, in his mind, was a beautiful federation of states joined together in brotherly love and affection.

He became a great attorney, a splendid politician, an expert and adroit debater, but he still loved people—all of them white and black and red. And he still loved the Union. He passed through many trials, but he succeeded in coming out just plain, honest Abe.

He passed through a great war—a heart-tearing war because brother was fighting against brother, father against son. His heart was torn, but he could not forget the Union—the beauty of the Union. He said: "The Union must be preserved."

He was homely, but to the slaves he was beautiful; to lovers of the Union he was handsome; to common, honest people he was splendid.

He died dreaming great dreams for the country

which he believed had united once again—for the country he had saved. With malice towards none, he lay down believing that Americans everywhere would now learn to love each other. He believed that the Union was an eternal Union. He believed that Americans everywhere would put the Union first—always.

What of his dreams? What of his Americans?
—H. R. M.

Dollar Education

IT is more or less disappointing to an idealist to learn that the education of which we have all been so proud here in America was a sort of dollar education, after all. Many hoped that our high schools and colleges were filling up because our people had come to believe fully that a government such as ours, or, indeed, any free government, depends for success not only upon the intelligence but upon the education of its citizenry.

Remarks of recent months have indicated that few were really thinking of the larger lives, the longer vision, the finer appreciation that education brings, but of the number of dollars an educated person was able to make. Of course we realize that happiness and satisfaction have an economic foundation, but few of us were ready to admit that schools exist primarily to enable people to have more luxuries in the physical sense. We hoped that a part of the purpose was one of culture and refinement.

These thoughts come to us chiefly because we have heard many seemingly intelligent people talk as if a cherished son or daughter should not be urged to go to college or even to complete high school because so many degreed people are finding difficulty locating jobs, let alone positions. That there has been a tremendous disintegrating influence at work in the thinking of American people is indicated by the fact that according to a report (the accuracy of which we would not vouch for) by April, 1934, 20,300 schools in the United States will be closed turning out 1,025,000 children.

In our opinion the salvation of the world depends upon proper, character-forming education. With radios in millions of homes, with magazines and newspapers flashing their gaudy advertisements at us containing all sorts of sophistries we must be rather well educated to maintain our independence and equilibrium.

Education is not a matter of dollars and cents; not a matter of jobs and livelihood alone; it is a matter of survival in a state at all desirable.

A community, if it is wise, will relinquish its schools last of all. Property owners may call a tax strike, but they should know that in doing so they strike at the very foundations of free government—the schools. We believe that tax burdens should be equalized; that incomes should determine in part the amount of taxes to be paid, but property holders should be aware of the fact

that so long as they hold property of any kind they are capitalists and should be willing to be assessed to some extent upon the value of their capital.

Fathers and mothers with sons and daughters growing up will do well to sacrifice much before they abridge the educational training which their children should possess. How much education any particular person should have is a moot question, but that all should have at least some advanced training is hardly debatable.

The pick-and-shovel age has gone forever, unless, like Samson, we deliberately pull the pillars of the temple down upon ourselves. Machines call for education, and they also predict emancipation from drudgery.

Whether a son or daughter should study at college or not should not be determined solely by the possibilities of their being able to get a lucrative job when they are through, but by their capacity and by the abundance of the life through education they may be able to live.

Dollar education may be gone, but the education that made a Newton, a Pasteur, a Lincoln, a cultured gentleman or lady, we hope, will never perish from the earth, for "a man (including the world) is saved no faster than he gains knowledge."—H. R. M.

Send Yourself a Valentine

VALENTINE'S DAY is becoming more and more of an event, not only in the lives of children who keep expectant, frightened eyes on a slit box, and know that glory or shame awaits them there according to the number of offerings they receive, but in the lives of their elders as well. The stores begin to flaunt windows full of doves and roses and hearts almost the moment holly and New Year greetings are out of the way. And Valentine's Day *should* be an event—any occasion upon which kind thoughts and sweet expressions of them are stimulated should be regarded as important. The fine point to be kept in mind is that after the thoughts are kindled, the message carrying them is sent with no name signed. No return is asked nor expected; no duty demands the sending of a Valentine; only warmth of feeling prompts the sending and warmth of feeling accompanies the receiving. Toward the whole world one experiences new sensations of love and appreciation; toward all people one is more friendly; the world is the place in which the message was conceived and anyone might be the sender.

Everyone has sent Valentines to others; how many have sent them to themselves? Egotistical thought? Perhaps, at first glance, but do not pass it by with a single glance. A message to one's best friend on this day of messages to friends should not be omitted; those who are their own

friends need not be ashamed of recognizing the friendship and marking it.

"I have to live with myself, and so I want to be fit for myself to know" is the basic sentiment of a verse which carries a depth of thought beyond the rhymed words. "Are you in good company when you are alone?" was the idea put in query form by a great Latter-day Saint teacher. Another person, in more jocular, yet fundamentally serious, manner has put it, "I like to talk to myself for two reasons: first, I enjoy talking to an intelligent person; second, I enjoy listening to an intelligent person talk."

Self-appreciation is not an unworthy quality, and it should not be confused with self-love or conceit. "Self-love is a mote in every man's eye," says an old German proverb, but "All must respect those who respect themselves," is the other side of the story, as expressed by Disraeli, and self-respect, well-founded, is the basis of self-appreciation.

To those we appreciate, we send greetings on certain days. If we appreciate ourselves, among others, why not send ourselves recognition of that feeling? And if we do send such, what shall it be? Surely not a material object, purchased with money which should have gone for another purpose, not something we have needed and would have bought anyway. It should be something of spiritual value, immeasurable in terms of price, and something especially given for a particular occasion.

One woman sent herself a free hour a day to visit shut-ins; and her gift to herself will never grow dim nor faded, for the love and gratitude of those whose lives she has cheered have made it imperishable. Another woman sent herself the present of keeping a record of the birthdays of all her friends and acquaintances and being among the first to wish each many happy returns of the day. Through her little hobby, she brought together three whose birthdays were the same day, and they have become inseparable friends; their friendship for each other, as well as for her, makes hers an enduring gift. Give yourself for a Valentine a long walk through the February air and a consciousness of everything you see; give yourself the time to read over old letters you have kept to read some day, but never found the necessary spare hour; give yourself the sight of a face you have missed, or even the sound of a voice over the telephone, or a post-card mailed to one who is far away and lonely. Send yourself the memory of the smile of a tired widow whose children you entertain for an afternoon, or the unspoken thanks in the eyes of a shop-girl to whom you express appreciation for her courtesy. Put into your own life, for a Valentine, soul-values which come through glimpsing the souls of others. Send to others kindly thoughts, encouraging words, gentleness, peace, beauty; if you do you will inevitably find that you have sent yourself a Valentine.—E. T. B.

THE FIRST CITIZEN



Who will be the "First Citizen" of Salt Lake City for 1933? We are eager to learn, as we understand the nominations are to be made from among those whose unceasing, unpaid work for civic betterment and the establishment of high ideals is outstanding. If the award can be made annually upon merit alone, then it ought to grow in importance from year to year.

THE Salt Lake Advertising Club deserves cordial applause for the instituting and sponsoring of what will likely become one of the interesting traditions of Utah. Reference is made to the "First Citizen" award, soon to be conferred upon some outstanding man or woman for the first time.



CLAY MODEL OF "THE FIRST CITIZEN," BY PAUL S. CLOWES. Photo Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune.

The award is a beautiful bronze statuette, which will be treasured by the recipient both for its significance and its intrinsic beauty. Each year from now on the award will be conferred upon a new claimant for the honor.

Any man or woman residing in Salt Lake City may aspire to the distinction implied in the name of the trophy—"First Citizen." It will be conferred annually by a committee of judges selected by the president of the Salt Lake Advertising Club. The choice of the "First Citizen" will be made on the basis of outstanding achievement in some worthy line of endeavor, and no field of vocational or social activity will be excluded. Civic enterprise and wholesome interest in the affairs of mankind will, naturally, cut a big figure in the appraisals of the judges.

The beautiful bronze piece is the plastic creation of Paul Clowes, a

Utah artist widely known for his excellent depictions of western life—and, incidentally, for his familiar illustrations in *The Improvement Era*. The "First Citizen" happens to be Mr. Clowes' first venture into the field of sculpture. His Indian and pony, in a desolate desert spot, have been called by critics an impressive and truthful portrayal of the life the pioneers came upon in their daring trek into the heart of the Rockies.

On the face of the huge rock shown in the accompanying picture will be a silver plaque on which will be inscribed the name of the winner of the award and the year in which he or she was accorded the honor. As the years pass and the venture just begun acquires significance and meaning, it will come to be a highly coveted distinction to be named Salt Lake City's "First Citizen," and to have the record immortalized in bronze and silver.

POETRY



Questioning Helen

By Margaret Jane Cole

THERE are so many centuries across
From your still dust to my quick
pulsing flesh
I cannot hope to profit by your loss
Of what could once a thousand hearts
enmesh.

What magic held the love you lightly won
Beyond your wondrous bloom—your
promised faith—
Held thirty armies? Nor are men yet done
Voicing your name to conjure Beauty's
wraith.

I only ask the way one love to keep
In spite of telltale footprints of the years—
How to inspire a passion strong and deep
Enough to laugh away these morbid fears
Lest I should lack the charm to make love
last;—

Or was it buried with you in the past?

Pansies For Thoughts

By Estelle Webb Thomas

ONE sent me orchids
Gorgeous and rare;
One sent me lilies
Fragile and fair:
One sent me roses
In great fragrant lots,
But you sent me pansies—
Pansies for thoughts

Orchids exotic
Withered away;
Delicate lilies
Lasted a day;
He who sent roses
I forgot, too;
But when I see pansies
I think of you!

Memorandum

On the Back of an Envelope

By Ardyth Kennelly

SOMETIME soon I simply must
Make a poem of you;
All about your pretty mouth
And laughter that you do.

Nose and chin I'll mention,
Your bright ruffled hair,
Little hands and straggled brows,
Amber-colored stare.

Somewhere near the last I'll put
"I'm in love with you,"
And then, to rhyme with "you," a line
Ending in "blue," or "true."

And if I sell it, dearest heart,
(Lovely, lovely scheme)
We'll buy music and a show
And strawberry ice cream!

Dead Love

By Florence Hartman Townsend

WORD comes at last!
Like a half-remembered voice from
out the past.

And comes too late!
Perhaps you thought me watching at the
gate?

Love is not so!
I've loved and lived and seen love come
and go.

For oft love dies,
Who told you love lives, unrequited, lies.
But now this word!

My heart, long dead with longing, lies
unstirred.

(I must not dream,
Remembering a night, the star's soft
gleam—)

I take my broom
And sweep and dust my quiet, empty
room.

To You

By M. Conrey Bryson

I'D like to dip my brush into the colors
of the dawn
And paint upon the cloud's gray canvas
bold.

The beauties that my dreams have dared
to slyly dwell upon
The fancies that have been so long untold.

I'd like to catch the music of the morn-
ing's gentle breeze
And blend with it the distant tinkling
bells.

The murmur of the brooklet and the hum-
ming of the bees,
The story that the bird so blithely tells.

I'd like to find some magic words of
cadence rare and fine
And weave them in the pattern of a song,
All fraught with tender meaning in the lift
of every line

As every verse moves happily along.
I'd like to take the painting and the music
and the song,
And wrap them in a piece of sky so blue,
And on the wings of morning send them
all where they belong—

I'd like to give them every one to you.

Violets

Mrs. Harry Poll

TINY, modest, purple, little violets,
Shyly peeping, embedded in deep green,
Balmy perfume exhaling in the air,

Dainty fragrance hails, tells us you are
there,
Peering and hiding 'neath your foliage
sheets,

Bobbing, dipping as in a deep green sea,
Enfolded, made snug by leaflets there,
Enticing little flowers sweetly fair.

Forgiven

By Nell Larson

FORGIVEN? Yes. Ah, who am I to
blame
Because your love for me grew cold and
dead?

Forgiven? Yes. E'en though this grip-
ping pain
Reigns now where greatest joy reigned in
its stead.

The Master said "Forgive." Yes I for-
give,
And seek my solace kneeling at his throne.
I give my shattered heart to him—and live
With just my memories—alone.

Forgotten? No. Ah, do not say "for-
get."

For when a life is thus so sorely marred
Forgotten is too great a boon to ask,
For me, it is a task—ah, much too hard.

Forgiven? Yes. Forgotten? No. I go
my lonely way.
I seek my happiness again—in joys of
yesterday.

Wash Day

By Elizabeth Whitmer Locke

LITTLE tulip-frocks,
Blowing on a line;
Rows of bluebell-socks
Pins can scarce confine.

Dutchmen's breeches show
Unaccustomed hues,
Hanging in a row,
For a miss to choose.

Cleansed in rainbow suds,
Turquoise rinsed and dyed,
Flowering like buds,
Wind-sweet and sun-dried.

Colorful, grotesque
Garments brightly placed
Form an arabesque,
Lyrics interlaced.

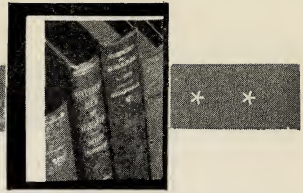
Woman's Strength

By Nova M. Burkett

SHE held his aching head upon her
breast,
The stronger in the hour when hearts
are tried,
When some loved hope has vanished from
their lives
Or someone loved and cherished dear,
has died.

Her faith serene, a bulwark in the storm,
She looks to dim, far heights and gar-
ners strength,
And, in her very weakness vict'ry-
crowned,
She reaches lasting joy, and peace, at
length.

BOOK REVIEWS



As the Earth Turns

By Anna H. Curtis

"AS THE EARTH TURNS," By Gladys Hasty Carroll (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1933. Price \$2.50)

AS THE EARTH TURNS" was selected by the Book of the Month Club and immediately climbed into first place as a best seller. During the first month of its publication 100,000 copies were sold in United States.

Those who think of farming as drudgery and commonplace, will wonder how an author can take a farmer and his large family through the seasons—winter, spring, summer, fall and winter again—and make of it a most entertaining book. The experiences which come to Mark Shaw and his family, on an isolated farm in Maine, and the coming of foreign neighbors to mingle their ways and blood with the native yankee, make up the material which Gladys Hasty Carroll uses in her first novel, "As the Earth Turns."

As the seasons swing round, so life, death, love, birth, and marriage come to this family. The one thing that seemed certain was the regular sequence of the seasons during the year. "Through August the sweet corn ripened and string beans were ready for picking—the house smelled of sugar and spice and early potatoes ripened. This was August like last August and like other Augusts that had gone before. Whatever else might change, the seasons kept their course."

As I read this book, there came to me a desire to know the writer who could give us such a wholesome, happy and interesting story. The publishers gave me her address; I wrote asking if she would tell me how and why she had written of farmers, and the contentment they found in the land. I also told her of the Gleaner Committee's choosing her book to be on their reading course, and that many hundreds of girls in the West would be reading and discussing it this winter. Mrs. Carroll very graciously answered, and sent this message to our girls:

"I am especially interested in your girls because of having worked with girls for the past four years through editing a page for them in the *Household Magazine*. It has just lately become necessary for me to resign this position, and I do regret leaving the friends I made. Only yesterday at a tea attended mostly by middle-aged women, I met two high school girls

who were there to help serve and to me they stood out as stars on a quiet night. I keep thinking about them. I feel that nearly all girls at that age have a certain wholesomeness, responsiveness, and clean vitality that it is a pity they should ever lose. I wish they could hold on to it for the world needs it. Tell your girls to try, won't you? Don't let them lose interest or eagerness or belief in the beauty of important things."

Mrs. Carroll sent me the address of Gladys Baker of the *Birmingham Herald*, who had interviewed her early in the summer. The following are quotations from that article: "Gladys Hasty Carroll was born in 1904, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren V. Hasty of South Berwick, Maine. As a child she lived on the farm of her paternal grandfather, George B. Hasty, attending district school. Later she did college preparatory work at Berwick Academy, graduating in 1921. She graduated from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, in 1925. At commencement she married Herbert A. Carroll of Greenfield, Mass. He also graduated from Bates College in 1923. She lived in Fall River, Mass., for three years after her marriage and in New York City for two years while her husband did graduate work. She herself did graduate study in Fine Arts at the University of Chicago, Harvard, and Columbia. Mrs. Carroll had charge of a department of the *Youth's Companion* during part of this period, and published two juvenile books. In 1930 when her husband accepted a professorship at the University of Minnesota, she moved to Minneapolis, where she now lives. She has a small son, Warren Hasty Carroll, born just after the completion of the manuscript of, 'As the Earth Turns.'"

In talking to Miss Barker, Mrs. Carroll said, "Everything connected with my husband and baby satisfies me completely, also our rather small house with its large garden where there are lilacs, flowering almond bushes and straight, tall tulips. I love the quiet and serenity and confidence of a place where people who are fond of one another are settled in."

Frequently, a rather young author will project her own inner feelings in her first pretentious writing, such as a novel. As I read of Mrs. Carroll's love for the simple and quiet things in life, I can see how she can write with so much understanding of farm life. Quoting from her interview again, she says, "I like people * * * But best of all, I like farming people.

They never confuse me as more civilized people sometimes do, and their experiences and emotions seem important."

In her book she has preserved some of the quaint sayings of the New England folk. In her interview she herself uses "settled in." One of the characters in the book uses this same phrase. Some of the other sayings are:

"I'd better see, if I can't trace a few more ears of corn."

"According to their tell."

"We'll all duff right in and help."

"It'll take itself out in talk."

"Seems smart."

Mrs. Carroll spent three years on her manuscript and the intimate little things about life that she describes so minutely show that there were time and patience used in assembling her material. All her characters are surrounded by such detail that we feel we are acquainted with them. Every member of the Shaw family seems to become a distinct individual. One boy was the ideal, thrifty New England farmer. One was shiftless and when he plowed, it did not matter if the furrow was straight or crooked, "the stuff would grow just as well." Another son left the farm and became a Commercial Pilot and the fourth son worked his way through college, made the debating team and achieved fame as a lawyer. But more than anyone else in the family, Jen, the central figure of the group, fulfills her father's wish for an ideal son: "One who would listen, not too smart nor too impatient nor too proud to learn what his land could teach him, as the earth turned slowly round the sun." In marked contrast to Jen's love of farm life, we find the two sisters whose happiness was to be found in working in the city.

After some of the heroines in present day fiction, who seem to think of life as an adventure interwoven with cheap, petty love affairs, Jen stands out as a girl with a firm and clear purpose in life. She finds happiness realized through service to others, one of the highest laws ever given. It is her kindly wisdom and understanding of her family and her loyalty to them, that makes her an unforgettable character. To her well managed and orderly kitchen the family comes for sustenance, physical and spiritual; the step-mother with her complaints, the children with their childish patter, the brothers and sisters and in-laws. "Jen in her simple understanding, reaches nobility that is

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LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

THE CHALLENGE is the heading on a page of comment from the Will Hays office, and it says: "Now comes 'Little Women.' That it has been made at all is a tribute to the cooperation you have given the industry in promoting support for the better type of motion pictures! That it has been bedecked with Hollywood's finest talent, finest direction, finest photography and exploited in the finest manner, represents the faith of R. K. O.-Radio Pictures Inc. in you 'carrying on' and in the basic wholesomeness of the American public's picture appetite.

"We are, so to speak, at the crossroads. If 'Little Women' becomes the best paying picture of 1933-34, we will travel 'to the right.' The alternate is away from family entertainment. What you do for 'Little Women' will largely determine what the exhibitors do to 'Alice in Wonderland' and in turn what the producers do in their 1934-35 program * * *."

PREVIEW OF CURRENT PICTURES

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Par.): A picture you must not miss. Possibly the parts of the public who know not Alice may wonder what it is all about. If so, help the public to get the books, to read them and so become part of the world of Alice lovers, and give themselves the happiness of meeting her little image in Charlotte Henry. *Family, by all means.*

LITTLE WOMEN (R. K. O.): The lovely, human story by Louise Alcott is faithfully brought to the screen, and is, perhaps, in screen history the perfect picture. The superb acting of Katherine Hepburn, with her flashes of beauty (more lovely than the perpetual doll type), and the inspired direction make this a great picture. *Family, not to be missed!*

SMOKY (Fox): Appealing story of a high spirited horse from colthood to old age, with story, beautiful Arizona scenery and thrilling rodeo scenes combine to produce an unusually fine picture. *Except for sensitive children, family.*

TRIGGER (R. K. O.): Another story made notable by the acting of Katherine Hepburn, the plot turning upon the power of prayer in the hands of a crude, wild backwoods girl, and her discovery that prayer is effective only when uttered in love; but that it is muddled by hate. Beyond children, but *excellent for thoughtful adults and adolescents.*

BELOVED (Univ.): Delicate story of disappointments and triumphs of musician who wants to write the American Symphony. Refreshing, restrain-



Photo Courtesy of Fox Film Corp.
WILL JAMES AND VICTOR JORY—AUTHOR AND STAR OF "SMOKY"

ed and quietly beautiful. *Adults and adolescents.*

ESKIMO (M. G. M.): Marvelous photography, fine direction, and compelling in dramatic power. Many will feel that the strange moral code of the Eskimo mars the picture. *For mature audiences.*

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Par.): A realistic story of the kidnapping of the child of a motion picture actress, with all sympathy and understanding on the side of law and order. *Adults and adolescents.*

DANCING LADY (M. G. M.): An elaborate back-stage musical concerning a dancing girl and her yearnings for fame on Broadway. General tone is clean, but some double meaning lines, suggestive innuendoes and needless display mar an otherwise interesting picture. *Adults and young people.*

HI NELLIE (Warner-First Nat'l): Good newspaper comedy-drama, smartly played and cleverly directed. The managing editor of a city newspaper is reduced to the "Heart Throbs" column, but is smart enough to win back his laurels by solving a front page mystery. Not big enough for Paul Muni, but good entertainment of its kind. *Adults and young people.*

AS HUSBANDS (Fox): Refreshing comedy of two frivolous American women whose heads are turned by attention from a couple of Europeans. Careful direction and good acting made a thoroughly enjoyable picture for *adults and young people.*

BROKEN DREAMS (Monogram): The old problem of necessary adjustments the second wife must make re-

garding the children of the first. Pleasing picture for *family.*

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M. G. M.): Rich in entertainment value, as Marie Dressler pictures always are, the lapsing into slapstick at the end detracts from the interest. *Family.*

INVISIBLE MAN (Universal): Despite careful direction and good photography, this story of a chemist who makes himself invisible and then goes insane, is good entertainment only for thrill-seeking adults.

THE PRIZE FIGHTER AND THE LADY (M. G. M.): A hackneyed tale of the boxing ring which has the virtues of fine fighting technique and excellent acting; it will be more of a treat to fight fans than to picture fans. *Adults and adolescents.*

ACE OF ACES (R. K. O.): This story of the brutalizing effect of war on the life and character of a young aviator makes an interesting anti-war film. *Adults and young people.*

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Par.): So suggestive as to be distasteful to most people. Not recommended.

MEET THE BARON (M. G. M.): Wearisome, stupid comedy with exceptionally offensive dialogue and a good cast entirely wasted. Hopelessly vulgar. Not recommended.

WALLS OF GOLD (Fox): Social drama with melodramatic treatment, weak and inconsistent story replete with offensive situations.

BLOOD MONEY (United Artists): The title suggests more violence than the plot justifies. Typical underworld story with several objectionable episodes, and only dubious entertainment value for indiscriminating adults.

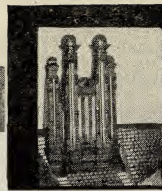
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Univ.): Impressive picture of an east side boy who becomes a prominent criminal lawyer. Good acting and fast-moving dialogue make a highly dramatic picture for *Adults.*

FOG (Columbia): A transatlantic liner, fog-surrounded in the middle of the ocean, is the setting for a series of baffling murders, solved by a young criminologist aboard the boat. Good for *adults and adolescents who like this type.*

IF I WERE FREE (R. K. O.): In spite of an undercurrent of sadness, disappointment and near tragedy, the deft handling of this story has made a picture which is light, whimsical and amusing. *For mature audiences.*

MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia): A simple, beautiful love story, which, in spite of unconventional situations carries charm and tenderness throughout. *Adults and young people.*

MUSIC



Why We Sing

Excerpts from an address given at the Annual Primary Convention, June 11, 1927,

By ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD, of the Council of the Twelve

WHY do we sing in this Church?

It is because singing is one of the highest forms of worship known to men or angels. The Lord Himself has said that the songs of the righteous are prayers unto God, and they shall be answered with blessings upon their heads. I classify it, therefore, as one of the highest forms of worship. The Lord Himself has said it is equal unto a prayer. There is no way by which we may so quickly get the spirit of worship in our gatherings as through proper singing. We desire to call in the wanderings of our minds from the things of the world; have the children forget their play and the games of the outside as we are attempting to concentrate their minds upon the lessons we are to present, and so we may move swiftly into the spirit of worship through proper music.

This is not only true with reference to our worship. If the mood in which you find yourself is distasteful to you, if your spirits are oppressed, overwhelmed with sadness, if you are despondent and lack hope, there is no way by which you may so quickly transform your own feelings as through singing yourself into the atmosphere and spirit you would like to be in.

We reach one of the highest forms of worship through singing. That was known in the past as well as in the present. In ancient Israel, they attained the highest expression of religious devotion and ecstasy when they unitedly joined in the songs that were heard by God and angels. The Church of Christ, in His own time, revived the community or the congregational singing as perhaps it had never obtained before in the history of the world. And when, after His departure, those scattered, driven saints assembled in the dens or tombs of the earth, they found the spirit of worship a real joy, even under these circumstances, by the singing of the membership of the Church. That was almost universal among them. Singing in the congregations of the Church of Christ did not go into decay until the spirit of apostasy came, and when the apostasy became universal, then came the chanting.

When Martin Luther and his associates had waged their long struggle for the establishment of religious liberty, they found the greatest ally and help

in the accomplishment of that great feat not only by proclaiming the messages and appeals for religious liberty that they made, but they got the people to singing about it, and when the people started to sing about this glorious theme it went forward, and so far as Protestantism is concerned, it has very largely maintained that same universal spirit of singing among the congregations. But it remained for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to distinguish itself in its service and worship by more hearty responses on the part of the people in congregational singing.

* * * *

The first selection of hymns for our Church was made by Emma Smith, whom the Lord had appointed by revelation, to choose the best that could be found in the world that would be in harmony with the great gospel dispensation that had been ushered in. A very wise and careful selection was made and many of these wonderful songs have lived through many generations and will live on until the end of time, because even outside this Church men, wrought upon by the spirit of God, wrote gloriously of the truth. For instance, a Methodist bishop wrote that wonderful hymn, "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning," and it is a very striking thing that it was written and published in the very year in which our Church was organized. It was as purely an inspiration of Almighty God as ever came from the lips of man—he was God's instrument hailing the dawn of this glorious day. I have often asked Methodist ministers how they expected or hoped to fulfill the prophecy of that marvelous hymn. They cannot understand it. We do. Every line and verse fits this Latter-day work. It is ours. We seek after truth wherever it may be found. We find it everywhere, for the Spirit of God works upon men and causes them to utilize in many instances their glorious gifts in the announcement of beautiful truths, and so it belongs to us.

* * * *

We never will feel the thrilling power and force and effect of our singing if we merely listlessly sing. * * * When we sing, "Oh Ye Mountains High," how splendid it would be if we could put ourselves into the attitude of President Penrose when he wrote that

stirring hymn. He had spent ten years of missionary work in England, each year hoping to be released that he might come to Zion. The elders had created such an ambition in his heart to come that he lived from year to year in the fond expectation of coming. When he had reached the end of his ninth year, he went to headquarters expecting to receive his honorable release and to be given the privilege of coming to Zion. But the mission was short of missionaries, he had been a wonderful missionary and could not be spared and so he heard the old story: "Brother Penrose, we cannot spare you just now, you will have to stay another year." "Hope deferred," they say, "maketh the heart sick." Temporarily it did make his heart sick, and with a heavy heart he picked up his grip and started again on another period of missionary service, postponing his long expected dreams. And then when he found himself alone, the pent-up feelings of his heart were allowed to express themselves, and he shed tears, he wept over his disappointment, and then there came into his soul the ability to express his feelings when he cried out:

"Oh, ye mountains high,
Where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free;
Where the pure breezes flow
And the clear streamlets flow,
How I long to your bosom to flee."

It was the cry of the pilgrim, the exile, almost the outcast, longing for that which he had not been privileged to enjoy. When you get that spirit, what a feeling of gratitude for your mountain home comes! So, with all our singing, let us feel what we sing, and every word of it.

* * * *

Music is like the stars, which have a universal language understood by all people, and so music is universal. It has power to soothe the savage breast. In sorrow, it becomes a source of relief. In sadness, in regret, every mood, I say, may be expressed more fully by some song. President Young understood that and made singing about the campfire as they crossed the plains, an event of each evening, and the tired, worn spirits were buoyed up, encouraged, enabled to go forward, by the singing of "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

★ MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD ★

New Emphasis Placed on Monthly Quorum Meeting

IN a letter sent out by President Rudger Clawson to Stake Presidents, Ward Bishops, and Quorum Presidencies new emphasis is placed upon the monthly quorum meeting of the Melchizedek Priesthood. President Clawson and his co-workers are eager to make the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums really function in the lives of their members.

The letter follows:

"Dear Brethren:

"As stated in the Priesthood Manual (1933), the quorum monthly meeting is indispensable to the success of the quorum. Once again we call your attention to the importance of this meeting as set forth in the Handbook, pages 51-55.

"As supplementary to the Manual and as helpful both to quorum officers and members there will be published in four issues during 1934 'The Priesthood Bulletin.' The first number contains not only general information relative to the proper procedure in conducting the monthly quorum meeting as well as the weekly group meeting, but also a complete lesson on a Gospel theme, which will be considered consecutively throughout the year. The Gospel Theme lesson will be printed in full in order that every member may have it at hand for convenient and careful study.

"In addition to the usual reports and assignments incident to every up-to-date quorum meeting emphasis will be given to three principal topics, viz.:

"1. Consideration of topics in Priesthood Manual.

"2. Consideration of Gospel Theme.

"3. Current events and world happenings.

"The Bulletin will be issued quarterly, as are the Gospel Doctrine lessons, and will cost for printing and postage 25c for the four numbers, or when purchased separately 10c per leaflet.

"To expedite the distribution of the Bulletin, quorum secretaries should receive subscriptions from individual members, keep the list with addresses and send the money to the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City. The pamphlets will be mailed in bulk to the secretary of the group who will be held responsible for the prompt and proper distribution to the individual subscribers. If another officer of the group be chosen for this service be sure to send his name

and address to the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City.

"The Gospel Theme for the year 1934 is 'The Divine Mission of Joseph Smith.'

"The Bulletin will be subscribed for only by High Priests and Elders, the Seventies' course having been already prescribed by the First Council. However, all features of the Bulletin, excepting only the Gospel Theme, apply to the Seventies as well as to High Priests and Elders.

"In order that every quorum may be informed without delay of the proposed procedure for quorum activity for the ensuing year, copies of the Bulletin for the first quarter will be sent through Stake Clerks to Stake Presidencies and members of High Priests and Elders quorum presidencies throughout the Church. This applies only to the first quarter. All who desire the other three issues should send through the appointed representative their names, addresses and 25c to the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City.

"Relying upon the hearty cooperation of all in our aim and desire to make the quorums function in the fields to which they have been divinely appointed, we remain

"Sincerely yours,

"The Council of the Twelve,

"By Rudger Clawson,

"President."

*President and Mrs. Samuel
O. Bennion Honored*

THE Independence, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce, on November 28, 1933, sponsored an "Appreciation

Dinner" for Mr. and Mrs. Samuel O. Bennion, and Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Balfour, First Christian Church.

In connection with the dinner the following program was given: "Toastmaster: Mr. John A. Russell, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Invocation by Rev. J. D. Robbins; Singing led by James M. Sexton; Music by John Reick's High School Orchestra and the Chamber of Commerce Glee Club; Reading by Mrs. J. E. McCutchan; Tribute to honored guest by Mr. Samuel H. Woodson and Mrs. William Southern, Jr.; Other Features."

On page three of the printed program the photographs of President Bennion and Mr. Balfour were printed along with the following tributes to President and Mrs. Bennion in addition to a tribute to Mr. Balfour:

"To Samuel O. Bennion:

"Great-hearted, forward looking, public spirited citizen; vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce and several times a director; every worthy community project has received your whole-hearted support; to the moral, social, industrial and civic development of Independence you have contributed largely; with you will go the best wishes of Independence citizens, and in this community will remain the memory of a true friend."

"To Mrs. Bennion and Mrs. Balfour:

"All that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

That happiness and prime can happy call."

"Shakespeare."



PERSONAL WELFARE COMMITTEE, FIFTH QUORUM OF ELDERS MT. OGDEN STAKE

WARD TEACHING

Revelation on Ward Teaching

THE Priests' duty is to preach, teach, expound, exhort and baptize and administer the sacrament, and to visit the house of each member, and exhort them to pray vocally and in secret and to attend to all family duties. * * * The Teacher's duty is to watch over the Church always and be with them and strengthen them; and see that there is no iniquity in the Church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking; and see that the church meet together often, and also see that all members do their duty."

Instructions regarding the responsibility of the Aaronic Priesthood in ward teaching are explicit and definite. Few functions of the Priesthood are more important. If the work of ward teachers were done, in the spirit of the revelation, in all the Church many of the problems would disappear.

Progress is being made. The plan of dividing teacher's districts among the various quorums and of bringing more members of the Aaronic Priesthood into service is increasing the visits and improving the quality of the work.

How to use the Monthly Message

THE monthly message for ward teachers, prepared by Elder Oscar W. McConkie of the High Council of Ensign Stake is now published exclusively in *The Improvement Era*. The setting aside of an entire page for ward teaching makes possible the more adequate treatment of the monthly topic, supplying sufficient material for a proper presentation in the homes of the Saints.

The messages require about five minutes for average reading. With the thoughts of the message clearly in mind, the message and the usual greetings and leave-taking should not require more than about ten minutes in each home.

It is not necessary to present the message exactly as given. It may be shortened or lengthened to suit each Teacher's needs. The important things to remember are that a definite subject is presented for the month; that the important phases of the subject are contained in the message; that by a careful study of the message sufficient thoughts will be developed by the average Teacher to provide an effective and helpful presentation of subject designated for consideration with the Saints in their homes.

If time can be arranged in the regular teachers' report meeting for a ten-

minute discussion of the message by an Elder who has carefully prepared in

advance, it should prove of definite assistance to all Teachers of the ward.

Ward Teachers' Message, February, 1934

Prepared by OSCAR W. McCONKIE, under appointment of the Presiding Bishopric

Out of the Shadows

FROM SHADOW TO DARKNESS

VICE, with its monstrous evils, thrives in darkened places. Perverted passions spur the persistent violator on to complete revolt against social, ethical, and religious relations, making reformation increasingly difficult. Every unholy act or thought is an alloy to spirit and to flesh, actually changing the body, reducing its purity, defiling it, and darkening the light that God placed there. Thus does degeneracy result from mere casual offense, which, if continued perpetually will dethrone reason; destroy freedom; distort and derange the intellect, and leave the whole being in a disordered state. In which case, man, created gloriously and for exalted purpose, falls. He bears no iron bands but his imprisonment is complete. On the other hand, obedience to divine law privileges one to enjoy a clear conscience and the glory of a good man's goal. Light and truth are enemies of all evil, and develop self-respect and a controlled will that are fatal to debauchery. But to lose appetite's rein is to lose the fight to conquer self. Happiness is not found in such course. Peace and self-respect do not come by chance. Perpetual misbehavior removes one further and further from God, even unto the power of his arch-enemy, who "doth seal you his." It is God's word. It cannot be made surer by argument. It is a law of the earth.

THE ROAD FROM DARKNESS

Through repentance God's plan provides a way of escape for the sinner, but the longer he procrastinates the day of his repentance the less is the probability that he will do so. Neglect nurtures inability. Man ought to act quickly and confidently, accounting himself as "born to be of advantage to mankind," then to govern all his conduct accordingly. With sufficient intelligence to comprehend the law, and with power and a firm resolve to obey it, even to the mastery of self, one is scheduled for progress. But he must elect whom he will serve. If prudent he will array his forces as Abdiel (a friend of God and seraph who opposed Satan). That is the rational course. In it there is no folly; no frenzy; no alibi; no attempt to profit by his or

another's wrong; no master but One; no lust; no defeat; no sorrow, no regrets. If that is his course then his light is Jesus Christ, who lifts men out of darkness; out of false doctrines, and through whom repentance and abundant pardon comes. This is witnessed by the Highest; by the Son; by the Holy Ghost; by angels, and by men. Through repentance the Gentile becomes a covenant son, while if the Jew rejects it he is cast off. In no other way can the favor of the Holy One of Israel be had. It is the only road away from darkness and despair.

INTEGRITY REWARDED

This is a probationary state to prepare to meet God, but not presumptuously. Win his favor for he whom the Lord loves is exceedingly rich. Continued failure to rely on him causes increasing darkness, with awful realization; inability to repent, and inevitable destruction. Dependence on God and faithfulness to him bring light resplendent; cause his mysteries to be made apparent; redeem man from sin, and make it possible to forever enjoy the light of the Son's presence.

GOD'S MERCY

That pardon may be had God offers not alone repentance but also extension of life, for all mankind "must repent, believe, worship God, and endure, or they cannot be saved." Through it, together with faith and obedience, humility manifests itself, and the sinner confesses; forgives others, and without reservation accepts Christ, and his atoning sacrifice forsakes unrighteousness, and pleads for the light of truth. His conviction of guilt, and the desire to be relieved from it, prompts him to forsake all sin, and to obey all law.

REPENTANCE DEFINED

From the pen of Orson Pratt, I quote: "It would be of no use for a sinner to confess his sins to God unless he were determined to forsake them; it would be of no benefit to him to feel sorry that he had done wrong unless he intended to do wrong no more; it would be folly for him to confess before God that he had injured his fellow man unless he were determined to do all in his power to make restitution. Repentance, then, is not only a confession of sins, with a sorrowful, contrite heart, but a fixed, settled purpose to refrain from every evil way."

★ ★ AARONIC PRIESTHOOD ★ ★

Book of Remembrance Study

IN the Aaronic Priesthood outlines for 1934 every fourth lesson is devoted to the study of genealogy through the Book of Remembrance activity. This is one of the outstanding features of the class period in quorums and of outside activity.

Every member of the Aaronic Priesthood should have a knowledge of the fundamentals of genealogy. Every member should also begin a record of his life as early as possible. These are part of the Book of Remembrance activity.

Quorum supervisors should immediately take up a study of the Book of Remembrance, where it is already not being followed, and make it a feature of quorum activity. In many stakes and wards it has been responsible for increased attendance and activity. Members of the genealogical committee are glad to render assistance in introducing the book or instructing supervisors. Books may be secured through the Genealogical Society of Utah, 80 North Main Street, Salt Lake City. Deacons' books are 35 cents and Teachers' and Priests' 55 cents. The latter two are complete with all awards. The Deacons' books call for special awards.

Lesson Outlines for 1934

LESSON outlines for the Aaronic Priesthood should be used by all quorums as the basis of their Priesthood study. The new outlines should be in the hands of all quorum members. Bishops should obtain them from Stake Clerks who are responsible for distribution in the stakes.

The outlines for 1934 contain complete instructions for quorum supervisors, who are also the class teachers. Each book is a part of a progressive course covering the eight years of membership in the Aaronic Priesthood. If, for any reason, other lessons are studied during the period designated as the quorum meeting, the regular Priesthood lessons should be assigned for home study and reports called for as a Priesthood activity the same as for any other activity. The price of the books is ten cents each. Quorum supervisors are urged to make every effort to get the outlines into the hands of all quorum members. Priesthood training is not complete without it.

Change in Stake Reports

IN order to simplify reports of Aaronic Priesthood quorums and Aaronic Priesthood Correlation committees provision is being made for stake reports

covering both these activities to be made in the regular quarterly report forms compiled by stake clerks. The space in the quarterly reports, beginning from January 1, will include all information desired covering both quorum activities and correlation work.

This change will eliminate the necessity of stake Aaronic Priesthood committees or stake Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Committees making

monthly reports to the Presiding Bishopric but it does not in any way affect the plans for regular monthly reports being sent to the stake committees. Under the new rule this procedure is to be followed:

1. The Ward Chairman of Aaronic Priesthood is to make a monthly report (postcard form) to the stake chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood. This report should be compiled from the quorum roll books and should agree in every respect with the report compiled by the ward clerk.

2. The ward clerk, as secretary of the ward Aaronic Priesthood correlation committee, is to make a monthly report on the regular form provided by the Presiding Bishopric, to the stake clerk, as secretary of the stake Aaronic Priesthood correlation committee. This report should be made immediately following the regular monthly meeting of the ward Aaronic Priesthood correlation committee.

3. The information contained in both reports mentioned above is to be included in the regular quarterly reports sent to the presiding Bishopric, beginning with the report covering the first quarter of 1934.

4. The stake Aaronic Priesthood committee is to compile from the ward reports a summary for the Stake Presidency. They are not to send this report to the Presiding Bishopric.

5. The stake clerk will make available to the stake correlation committee the information contained in the ward correlation reports as the basis for the work of the stake committee.

Forms for the ward reports to the stake and for the stake summaries for the Stake Presidency and for the stake correlation committee are provided by the Presiding Bishopric without cost. Stake clerks should secure them and supply the wards. The only reports to come to the Presiding Bishopric will be included in the regular quarterly report forms.

It is hoped that this action in simplifying the report system will result in securing complete and accurate information concerning these important activities.

Quorum Attendance to be Stressed

IN the renewed activity of the Aaronic Priesthood in the past few years the one phase of the work which has shown least progress is that of quorum attendance. It is realized that during the past two years, particularly, many young men have been away from home seeking work. Others living some distance from the church have



Joseph Smith

THE man who preached and practised the Word of Wisdom. More than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, clean-limbed, he was a physical giant. He excelled in wrestling, running, jumping, pulling stakes, pitching quoits and other outdoor sports. His life should be a model for every member of the Aaronic Priesthood.

been unable to provide transportation and still others have been deprived of the privilege because of other financial considerations. The fact remains, however, that there are still available in practically every ward in the Church enough members to increase attendance far beyond that of past years.

Bishops and Counsellors and ward Aaronic Priesthood supervisors are urged to make attendance at quorum meetings the big objective for the coming year. Reasons for lack of attendance should be carefully analyzed and efforts made to remove the causes.

Are quorum meetings being made attractive to members? Are lessons being presented in an interesting manner? Are members encouraged to participate in lesson discussions? Is outside material frequently brought in to enliven the class period? Is quorum consciousness developed through fraternal and social activity? These questions should be thoroughly investigated and every possible step taken to make the quorum meeting the most attractive, interesting and helpful meeting of the week to every member of the quorums.

The importance of Priesthood quorum attendance and activity cannot be over-emphasized. It should be given first consideration in all plans for the welfare and training of young men of the Church.

Activity Campaign Important

IN a Church-wide effort to bring every young man in the Church between 12 and 20 years of age into some activity for or through the Church, the Aaronic Priesthood activity campaign, to run from January 1 to May 15, should be promoted vigorously in every stake and ward. The objective is important. Activity is the basis of interest. We are all most interested in the things we work for. Those who love the Church most are those who do the most for it. Our best friends are those we do the most for. The interest of young men in the Church can be measured fairly accurately by the activity in which they engage. Those who do nothing for the Church have little interest in it. To increase interest it is necessary to increase activity.

The foundation of the campaign is a series of projects designed to secure activity from every young man from 12 to 20. The most desirable activity, of course, is that connected directly with Priesthood quorum work. In many cases, however, it will be necessary to take the first step along some other line. Participation in athletics, socials, fraternal activities, dramatics, outings, clean-up projects, repairs, renovation or re-modelling of buildings, sidewalks, fences, bridges, etc., beautifying grounds or other projects that will

bring activity should be planned. Then an effort should be made to have every young man in the ward engage in one or more as a means of "breaking the ice" and getting back into Church activity in a regular way.

The campaign is to come to a climax on May 15, the 105th anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood. Every ward should aim to have the name of every young man from 12 to 20 on the honor list for some activity for or through the Church by that date. Many wards are already nearing the 100% mark.

Word of Wisdom Anniversary

THE 101st anniversary of the giving of the revelation known as the Word of Wisdom to Joseph Smith occurs Tuesday, February 27. It is contained in Section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants and is recognized in many lands as one of the most effective codes of health in existence. It was given at Kirtland, Ohio, and has been reprinted in many languages. Its total publication has reached into many hundreds of thousands and probably into the millions. Given at a time when little was known or acknowledged in the scientific world regarding the things it discusses it is today considered by many authorities both in and out of the Church as a model code of health. This important anniversary should be noted in all Aaronic Priesthood quorums on one of the Sundays near the anniversary date.

Standard Requirements for Ordination to or Advancement in the Aaronic Priesthood

*As prescribed by Pioneer Stake,
Salt Lake City*

REQUIREMENTS for boys to be ordained Deacons:

1. General good behavior in all meetings, in and around meeting house.
2. Regular attendance in all meetings, particularly in Sunday School and Sacrament meetings.
3. Must understand and be living the Word of Wisdom.
4. Must understand the law of tithing and show faith in this principle.
5. Must be able to recite the Ten Commandments.
6. Must be able to recite the Articles of Faith.
7. Should understand reasonably well the first principles of the Gospel: Faith, Repentance, Baptism and the Laying on of Hands.

8. Should in a general way understand the meaning and importance of Priesthood.

9. Must know the duties of a deacon as outlined in Section 20 of D. & C.

10. Must be able to explain what constitutes a quorum of deacons and how it should function.

Requirements for those to be ordained Teachers:

1. Must have an active record as a deacon.
2. Regular attendance in all meetings, particularly in Sunday School, Sacrament meeting and M. I. A.
3. Must understand and be living the Word of Wisdom.
4. Must understand the law of tithing and show faith in this principle.
5. Must know the duties of a teacher as outlined in Section 20 of the D. & C.
6. Must be able to explain how many constitute a quorum of deacons and teachers and how these should function.
7. Must be able to recite the story of the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.
8. Must be able to name the four councils constituting the General Authorities of the Church.
9. Must be able to give the names of the Presiding Bishopric.
10. Must be able to give the names of the First Presidency of the Church.

Requirements for those to be ordained Priests:

1. Must have an active record as a Teacher and functioned as a ward teacher.
2. Regular attendance in all meetings, particularly in Sunday School, Sacrament meeting and M. I. A.
3. Must understand and live the Word of Wisdom.
4. Must understand the law of tithing and show faith in this principle.
5. Must know the duties of a priest as outlined in Section 20 of the D. & C.
6. Must be able to explain how many priests constitute a quorum and how it should function.
7. Must be able to recite the story of the Restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood.
8. Must be able to recite the Baptism formula.
9. Must be able to recite the two Sacrament prayers.
10. Must be able to explain the purpose of the Sacrament.

MUTUAL MESSAGES



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD K. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
Executive Secretary

Executive Skill

BECAUSE of the great interest manifested in our cultural subjects there has been marked progress made in the M. I. A. during the last few years. Our leaders in Music, Drama, Dancing, and Speech have received training from various sources and thus increased considerably their ability. Not so much attention has been given to the development of skill in executive procedure. Our executive officers have largely expended their efforts in promoting the work of the departments. It may be well for them occasionally to look into their own technique; for, to possess the ability to direct others, to organize and carry forward a project to a successful completion and to preside interestingly and efficiently over an assembled body, is an art well worth striving for.

The following suggestions may be of value to our executive officers:

In directing other people—

Be kind. There is still no better guide for getting along with people than the Golden Rule.

Be enthusiastic. No one wishes to follow a leader who is not himself converted to the work in hand.

Expect each person to do his best; express your confidence in him and give hearty commendation for every effort. People will work and work hard for a leader who can inspire them.

Be persistent but patient and charitable.

Be able to see the funny side of every situation.

In directing a piece of work—

Have your objective clearly in mind.

Study every detail of organization. Half your work is done if you yourself have a clear mental picture of every detail and can give that picture to every one of your assistants.

Delegate definite responsibility.

With clear directions follow up until the job is completed.

In conducting a meeting—

Think through beforehand the proceedings from start to finish; get a mental picture of the meeting in progress. Be prepared to handle details and emergencies which may arise.

Consult with all others who are to assist in the conduct of the meeting—

other members of the executive group, the secretary, music directors, persons who are to appear on the program. Obtain from the music directors the selections to be rendered.

Have all of the executive officers sit on the stand.

Young lady officers should remove their hats and if the room is sufficiently warm, their coats also. It is a breach of Church etiquette to pray or render any other part on the program either in the general assembly or in any department with the head covered. Sometimes officers give the impression that they have come to stay only a few moments.

Avoid all unnecessary whispering or talking.

Instrumental music may be played as a prelude if desired. This has a tendency to make for quiet reverence.

Commence the meeting promptly.

The opening hymn or song should be sung with spirit.

The prayer should be brief, simple and sincere.

If a number is rendered as a part of the preliminary program it should be brief.

At the closing of the opening exercises, members should go to the various departments promptly. There should be no loitering in the halls.

The watchfulness and supervision of the executives should be continued during the department periods so that the machinery of the organization may run smoothly.

Joint Sunday Evening Program

FOR MARCH

1. Singing—"Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded"—Choir, Chorus, and Congregation.

2. Invocation.

3. Singing—"Carry On"—M. I. A. mixed chorus and choir.

4. Reading—Joseph's Blessing—Genesis 49:22-26 and Deuteronomy 33:13-17.

5. Instrumental Music.

6. Speech (length to be determined by the conditions and practices in the various wards)—"The Land of Zion"—by an Adult.

7. Singing—"Zion Prospers, All Is Well"—Choir and chorus.

8. Benediction.

Notes: Use the Tenth Article of Faith as a foundation for the talk—"We believe * * * Zion will be built upon this continent * * *"

The two Americas are included in the Land of Zion as spoken of in the Articles of Faith. A description of these two vast continents extending from the arctic to the antarctic, ribbed with mountains from one end to the other, rich in precious things, might be given.

This description of the physical Americas might be followed by the social and religious histories of the land showing how from early times religion has played an important part in its wonderful story. The Jaredites, the Nephites, their descendants, and the discoverers in modern times were religious people even though their religions differed. Reference might be made to the "White God" of the Indians spoken of in the December number by Norman Pierce. The Pilgrims, the Puritans, the Catholics, the Quakers were also religious. The land had been prepared for the restoration of the Gospel and the reestablishment of Zion.

Sunday Evening Joint Meetings

FROM the instructions and counsel President Brigham Young gave when he organized both the Young Ladies' and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, it is very evident that his chief concern was for the spiritual development of the members. He said, "Let the key-note of your work be the establishment in the youth of individual testimony of the truth and magnitude of the great latter-day work; the development of the gifts within them that have been bestowed upon them by the laying on of hands of the servants of God; cultivating a knowledge and an application of the eternal principles of the great science of life."

And this has been the concern of all of the leaders of the Church and of the M. I. A. since President Young's time. It was to provide increased opportunity for religious expression that the first Sunday evening of each month was given to us and the meeting held on this night has now become one of

(Continued on page 121)

ERA AND PUBLICITY



Utah Press Association Makes Suggestions to M. I. A. Reporters

NEWSPAPERS, members of the Utah Press Association, are always eager to get and to print news of interest to our readers. Those who furnish news items for us, however, will find their material printed more often in our columns if they will observe the following simple rules.

1. Write on one side of the paper only, preferably with a typewriter, double spaced, but if that is not possible then with a black pencil or with ink, in a clear hand without flourishes, large enough to be easily read.

2. Be particular about the spelling of all proper nouns, especially, for the printer, in many cases, will have no means of verifying the spelling.

3. Always furnish first names or initials of persons figuring in the news.

4. Include the news, but omit comment unless the comment is quoted.

Our readers are interested in knowing what happened to whom, how, when and where. We like short items as a rule unless the news is of unusual importance.

5. We like our news as early as possible, that is, as long as possible before our publication day. Correspondents should ascertain our publication

Church Leaders

PERCENTAGE OF QUOTA

1 Snowflake	133
2 Union	121.3
3 Moapa	119.6
4 Curlew	118
5 Maricopa	116.5
6 Star Valley	105.4
7 St. Joseph	105.2
8 Kanab	103.5
9 Fremont	102.9
10 Big Horn	100.9

TOTAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

1 Fremont	525
2 Liberty	505
3 St. Joseph	495
4 Maricopa	458
5 Hollywood	455
6 Ogden	398
7 Salt Lake	397
8 Ensign	388
9 Mt. Ogden	376
10 North Weber	363

date and govern themselves accordingly.

6. Think of the reader, when writing, not of the cause you represent or of some person whom you think should receive publicity.

We stand for community activity and growth and will be willing to have our columns used in worthy causes.

—Utah Press Ass'n.

Here Is Joy Expressed

Holbrook, Arizona,
October 21, 1933.

The Improvement Era,
Attention Melvin J. Ballard

Gentlemen:

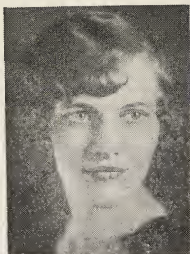
ENCLOSED herewith are eleven subscription receipts for *The Improvement Era*, and check for same. These, with the receipts we sent in a week ago, and the ones sent in individually from this Ward make a total of 32 subscriptions. We feel that we have been greatly blessed in our efforts to place the *Era* in every home as our

quota for this Ward is 12.

There remain about seven persons to contact here and we are hoping to bring our final total to at least 36.

We have greatly enjoyed this work and with the help of the Lord we feel that we have had fairly good success.

Sincerely yours,
Burton W.
Richards.



HARRIET CHAMBERLAIN
KANAB STAKE



WALTER E. MASON
FREMONT STAKE



VERA THOMAS
FREMONT STAKE



DANIEL S. FROST
KANAB STAKE



ORLAN COX
BIG HORN STAKE



H. L. ALLEN
ST. JOSEPH STAKE



LEROY RICHMAN
FREMONT STAKE

SENIORS



Which Class Would You Attend?

THE following observations were made by a visitor at one of the discussion periods in one of the prominent wards of the Church:

1. The introductory remarks were apologetic. The subject-matter was admitted to be lacking in interest but declared to be, nevertheless, of vital importance; the class members were assured that it was to their advantage to give the problems serious consideration.

2. During the first half of the hour the class leader monopolized the time, allowing no opportunity for any other person to participate.

3. In this recital attention was directed to a great array of facts, figures, details.

4. The second half of the period developed into a question-and-answer exercise. This activity was characterized, as was the first, by a decided teacher-pupil relationship. The class leader proposed the questions, solicited volunteer answers, lavishly praised the respondent for the completeness, niceness, correctness of his or her answer.

5. The reason for the shift from lecture to recitation procedure was apparently, though not certainly, a realization on the part of the class leader that he was losing his audience. The group had grown increasingly restless.

6. Preachiness characterized the entire procedure—this was all good for our souls. And the final appeal was that those chancing to read anything of interest and relevant during the week should bring a report of it to the class.

7. On leaving the room the visitor heard remarks typified by the following: "I never could stay awake in church."

In a neighboring ward the following was observed:

1. The period was introduced by the class leader. Big general principles and outstanding problems were hinted.

2. These opening remarks were interrupted by a member of the class who suggested that during the course of the evening everyone take a turn and give a frank statement of just what was nearest his or her heart in this matter (objectives of school education). It was stipulated by the person making the suggestion, and seconded by others, that the expressions were to be honest expressions of what was really believed and not studied expressions of what one should believe.

3. As these expressions began to be given a member suggested that each speaker be introduced to the group, his occupational interests and other relevant matters made known. This was accomplished in an informal way, each being introduced by someone who spontaneously assumed the role of informant. There were present mothers with children's welfare at heart, a pioneer-grandmother (it happens that in this ward there is no adult class) who had been denied the opportunity of formal schooling in her childhood, a teacher of speech in the city school system, a university student who finds ideas so alluring as to pursue them regardless of any "credit" to be gained, a college professor, a physician, a student and critic of our economic order, and men and women of other walks of life.

4. As the hour progressed the members of the group, stimulated by the problem, became increasingly anxious to participate. And through it all there was manifest a high regard for the opinions of others, the members became genuinely interested in each other.

5. At the close of the hour some member suggested that each assume the position of solicitor in an effort to encourage others to share the enjoyable times of the group. In response to this, another remarked that it was not good for the group to become too large, lest it become unwieldy.

6. Informality characterized this group. The initiative was in the membership, suggestions for procedure and questions of interest being posed by the members. Just a small group, twelve in all; but in its true spirituality was developed.

Magazine Articles of Value

By Lewis Telle Cannon

THERE is no end to books. Some—a very few—are exceptional and will live on; many others are average and will have a brief vogue; while still others ought never to have been allowed to see the light of day.

The same is true of magazines—weekly, monthly and otherwise. Their name is legion. One cannot read them all. One ought not to read them all if he could because they are of so varying a quality from very good to positive bad.

If one could read all the really good magazines as they appear from time to time, he would keep abreast of contemporary thought and ideas as they are developing. But of course no one human can do all that. The best that most of us can do is to pick out from the high class magazines such articles of current interest as appeal to us and read them through. But even that has its drawbacks because we have to read an article pretty well through before we know whether it is worth while or not.

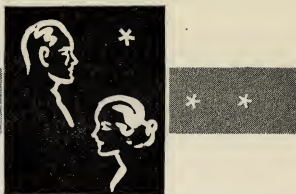
Many of us would undoubtedly like to know beforehand what articles have merit so as not to spend time on those that are not worth while. This is perhaps particularly true of the busy Senior Class Leaders who with their fellows are concerning themselves with current problems, economic and otherwise. The class members are expected to get much of the material for class discussion from the current high-class magazines. A recent exploration of such magazines in the Salt Lake Public Library brings to light the following articles which should prove of deep and timely interest to the Senior Classes:

"The Insurance of Bank Deposits," by Evans Woollen; *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1933. This article is brief but interesting and informative. "The Story Congress Will Tell," by Geo. E. Sokolsky; *The New Outlook* for December, 1933. This same number contains also Al Smith's article of Sound Money which has been so widely commented on lately in the daily press.

In *Harpers* for December, 1933, is an article, "Michigan Magic," by John T. Flynn; this is tremendously interesting because it throws light on the Detroit Banking situation that brought about the crisis in banking circles and led to the proclamation of the Bank Holiday by President Roosevelt the day after he was inaugurated. This article is a revelation of some awful bank practices. In the same number is an article, "The Struggle for Intellectual Integrity," by P. W. Bridgman, that is well worth reading by all who observe the trend of events.

SENIORS, what hobbies are you pursuing? We should like to hear about them. Read "Dare to Take Time" in this issue—also the Geo. D. Pypar article.

M MEN-GLEANERS



Harmonizing of Personalities

JUST how necessary is this matter of harmonizing our personalities? Life would be extremely difficult if we were not concerned with each other and our effect upon other personalities. "What you do concerns me—what I do must concern you, otherwise we would be dead to each other."

The blending of personalities in the home calls for tact, love, and understanding, unselfishness and much love for one another. Without harmony in the home what a place of chaos and unpleasantness it becomes, and with it "the best place on earth."

"Tact is the oil which makes the machinery of life run smoothly."

"Learning to think of others, their comforts, their desires, and their needs, mental and physical, builds a strong and pleasing personality—one that appeals rather than repels."

Think through this matter of personality in terms of definitions and see how they fit into your idea of what personality is.

"The outward expression of something within."

"That indefinable something which differentiates one individual from another."

"The composite of varied human qualities and characteristics some of which attract while others repel."

"Personality includes what you do, what you think, and what you say."

"Individuality is the real I—personality the seeming I."

Discuss these definitions with the thought in mind that the elements

which make for harmonizing personality also build into one or more of them.

Suggestive Thoughts

WHAT is personality?" This is the subject assigned for the five minute talk to be given by an M Man in the March M Men-Gleaner joint meeting. It is a subject, however, so extensive and can be treated from so many different viewpoints that it has been suggested that the speaker give his own analysis of "personality" in the talk to be given.

The following are but a few suggestions that may aid in stimulating thought on this subject:

"What is personality? In the first place personality may be divided, generally, into two different types: good personality and bad personality. We shall merely treat the former at this time.

A good personality made it possible for Abraham Lincoln, although ungainly in build and homely of feature, to be the leader and dominating factor wherever he went. What is it that Marie Dressler possesses, except personality, that has made her the best loved of motion picture stars? The plays in which Will Rogers and George Arliss are featured always insure crowded houses, not because of their good looks, their clothes, or the setting of the play, but rather because these artists have, through their personalities, won their way into the hearts of the people. Personality is the power that enables us to win and hold friends. It is a combination of winning ways and winning habits which constitute a

magnetic power that draws people to us. It is a sum total of human behavior. As a beautiful mosaic consists of a harmonizing and a correct setting of many parts, so too, is a winning personality a harmonizing and a correct moulding into our lives of many winning traits, characteristics and habits.

THE subject to be treated in a five minute address to be delivered by an M Man in the February conjoint M Men-Gleaner meeting is entitled "A Word Picture of a Charming Girl."

Charm in a girl is the outward expression of a combination of splendid qualities. It is kindness, cheerfulness, faith, heroism, courage. Orison Sweet Marden says: "Everything about a girl proclaims to the world the sort of person she is; everything she says and does, everything she wears, every movement made; her manners and her habits are not unlike an open book which may be read by all who see her."

A charming girl is one who is even tempered; one who is able to maintain a pleasing disposition under all circumstances; she always greets you with a smile and gives expression to those thoughts which tend to make other people a little happier. It was Emerson who said that "A pleasant countenance is the end of culture and success enough." Facial expressions, therefore, and the things that one says play a very important part in this thing we call charm. A charming girl is neat in her appearance; not gaudily dressed, but so attired that one can see taste and refinement in the wearer. A charming girl is one who does not indulge in gossip; but, rather, one who has formed the habit of seeking the best in others and giving expression to the same. She is not forward in her demeanor, nor is she backward in her expressions. She cultivates a pleasing tone of voice and a clarity of expression of thought. She does not go to extremes in the use of cosmetics; if used at all, she uses them with taste and refinement. Charm in a girl is often exhibited in the way she walks; her head erect, her figure upright, and stable as God intended it should be. The eyes can play a very important part in the development of charm in a woman. It was Shakespeare who expressed this thought: "From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive; they sparkle, still the same Promethean fire; they are the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world."



M MEN-GLEANER GIRLS BANQUET, ZION PARK STAKE

GLEANER GIRLS



Fix That Picture

THERE is one way in photography to make a picture lasting, that is to dip it in the proper fixing solution. For Gleaner Girls the proper fixing solution to preserve the mental pictures and happy memories of today is to record them in their "Treasures of Truth" books. How many times in our search into the past we have found dim photographs of people and places and hazy memories of events whose clear details would mean so much to us. In the division of "Days of Remembrance" of our "Treasure" books we are going to preserve such events and memories so that they will be distinct and lasting and retain every detail and element of their original charm and beauty.

We give you a picture of "Happy Days" as recorded by one of our Gleaner Girls.

Happy Days

WHEN I'm alone my memory runs back to the happiest moments I have known, and I re-live them again. They take me back to the days I have spent on the ranch where the atmosphere is thin, fresh, and scented with the invigorating smell of sagebrush, the sweet, clean odor of willows, and the ever-inspiring perfume of pines.

The mountains are a thing of beauty which I love to watch day by day. I appreciate their every change and mood. To me they mean peace, happiness and protection.

The most pleasant day I can imagine would be to take my horse and a lunch for a day alone in the mountains. There one has time to think, to really know one's self. All the rush and worry of the world are miles away. I never think of newspapers, radio, work in the stuffy office, or worry about luxuries or money when I am out in the wilds. There are so many other things to occupy one's mind. Every half mile the scene changes; first, there is a peaceful, sweet smelling meadow with a winding creek over-hung with swaying willows. In a clump of these willows is a flock of red-winged black-birds, and what music is more lovely than their song? Soon the road and creek cross a slanting table-land covered with low rabbit-brush and sage. Every few rods a rabbit is startled by my horse's steps, and goes hopping over the horizon. There are many whistling squirrels, and occasionally one catches a glimpse of a craftily

moving coyote. And how I like to watch the hawks sailing gracefully across the blue, blue sky.

In a few minutes there is a dainty grove of quaking aspens through which the trail winds upward. The white powdered trunks gleam, and pale green and silver leaves shimmer and dance in the sunlight. In the shade of the trees rests a herd of white-faced cattle. Neither the horse nor I can resist chasing them from their peaceful rendezvous, over the hill and into the next grove.

We then hurry back to the trail, anxious to reach the Logging Trail which can now be seen in the distance. The Logging Trail is my favorite riding place. It meanders through huge dark pines, which grow so close together that the sunlight is quite shut out. Everything is still, soft, and moist, the only sounds being the whistling of the chic-a-dee, the soft comforting sound of the mountain stream rolling over black earth and moss covered rocks, and the muffled steps of my horse on the damp earth. Over all is that invigorating, healthy odor of pine.

Suddenly the trail comes to an end and we are on the very top of a ridge, looking into an interesting basin of rolling range and dry-farms. We can see for about forty miles. In the distance is more timber land, and the horizon is a jagged line of peaks covered with snow. This great silent world is mine. Now the only sound is the strong wind blowing through my hair and whipping my neckerchief. This is my happiness.—*Laverne Rigby.*

Why the Pines Whisper

By Helen Yorgason

HIGH upon the eastern mountains
Where the stately pine trees grew
Lived a pretty Indian maiden

Fresh and sweet as morning dew.

Cherokee, her childhood sweetheart,
Now a warrior brave and bold,
Summoned one bright Autumn morn-
ing.

And these words his father told:

"Go my son across the desert,
To the wigwam of Knaeke;
He is waiting for my warriors,
He is there expecting thee."

Cherokee said to his sweetheart,
"Duty calls me far away,
Wait for me beneath the pine trees,
Watch and wait and yearn and
pray."

Months passed by and yet she waited
In the shadow of the pine;
Still she dreamed of his returning,
Scanned the distant dark skyline.

Day by day she slowly faded,

To the pines she whispered low,
And the pines began to answer
In a language no one knows.

Still her spirit dwells among them;

When the wind begins to blow,
In remembrance of the maiden
Pine trees murmur sad and low.

Treasures of Truth

FROM the Book of Virginia Reeves,
Grant Stake, we have this:

Sister Martha H. Tingey relates one experience of her mother's which she says always stood out clearly in her mother's memory as being one of the most agonizing moments through which she ever passed. While traveling to Far West in company with a number of other wagons, one of the wheels of the vehicle in which she and her family were riding became broken. They were traveling at the time through country in which the people were very hostile toward the Mormons, mobs being numerous and dangerous, and, of course, the trains were always in great fear of being attacked. However, it was necessary to stop the wagon in which she was riding in order to repair the broken part, and, as she sat in the front seat holding her small baby while her husband mended the wheel, a mob rode up and began to question her husband. She says that no one will ever know what she went through while sitting there holding her child and praying that no harm would come to them. And it seemed as if her prayers were answered, for the mob seemed to find her husband's answers satisfactory and finally rode away.

She also related an amusing incident which happened to her mother while traveling West from Nauvoo. Sister Horne was considered a very beautiful woman, and while crossing the plains the company in which she was traveling was stopped by Indians. The Chief happened to see Sister Horne, took a fancy to her, and immediately sought to trade a horse for her. Of course, her husband would not even listen to such an offer, but the old Indian still would not give up hope. Gradually he raised his offer to seven horses, and when he found that still her husband would not consider the trade he simply could not understand it. He thought seven good horses was ample payment for a mere woman!

JUNIOR GIRLS



Course of Study: Building a Life

CHASTITY

ONE of the most difficult lessons to present, this one on Chastity is also one of the most important of the entire course. Many leaders feel that a certain amount of indelicacy attends the discussion, but this need not be the case, and most certainly should not. Let it be understood clearly that there is no sex hygiene in the lesson, and no necessity for biological discussion which should come to each girl through her mother. The spiritual necessity for chastity is the phase taken up, and if presented properly, the lesson will be most profitable.

Judging by some of the questions put into question boxes by Junior Girls, there are many problems of today, regarding chastity, which need clarifying, and sometimes they can be handled by a teacher more easily and with less embarrassment than by parents. Certain it is that a decision reached by a group of girls themselves, and a standard set, will be more impressive and effective than these laid down by adults alone. Recently a young girl was heard to say: "We don't neck any more in our crowd; we've decided it is common and cheap, and only low-type girls let the boys maul them." If a natural girl-leader (encouraged, perhaps, by her teacher) would draw the rest of the girls into a determination to adopt a new attitude against freedom which leads to grave mistakes, much good might be accomplished.

Cheap magazines, sensational movies and free thinking have combined to create ethical confusion in the minds of girls who want to do what is right but do not want to be bound by unnecessary traditions of the past. Bring out the thought that the body is part of the whole divine creation which is a human being; and that women and girls must be the ones to set ideals regarding its treatment. "Boys are what girls demand that they be," one high school girl remarked, with much truth. The evening spent with Junior Girls in a discussion on Chastity should bring out their ideas and the leader must help them to evaluate the true and the false.

CULTIVATING JOY

THIS lesson is one which has in it tremendous possibilities for stimu-

lating the girls to analytical thinking. They are at an age when their philosophy of life is not set, and their future years are largely to be determined by the attitude of mind they now develop.

What is joy? The prophet who said "Man is that he might have joy" made it quite clear that joy cannot be anything unworthy; fun, pleasure, gaiety might be destructive; joy cannot be, for real joy presupposes uplift, growth, inspiration.

Have the girls list ways in which they have found joy. Draw out from them a differentiation between joy and other experiences which might be confused with joy.

One girl said, "I really like to scrub; there is a sort of joy in seeing a floor become clean under my hand." Point out the fact that joy is to be found in the simplest ways, for it is a thing of the spirit.

Story Night

THE Junior Activity for next month is "Story Telling." In every walk of life, the ability to tell a story well is an asset; from childhood to maturity people love to hear a story told. Color and point are added to conversation by the introduction of a story-illustration; public talks are adorned by stories; social gatherings are made more sparkling when stories of the right sort are told.

Stories range from the simple anecdote to the lengthy narrative, retold in the words of the story-teller. In every type of story-telling, poise and ease are important, choice of words is vital, clear thinking is necessary. These qualities all may be acquired through such practise as is made possible on a Junior Story Night.

The program might be carried on in any one of a number of various ways. To assign every girl a short story to tell is one method; to assign a few girls longer ones is another; to have one or two tell fairly lengthy tales is the easiest way, but perhaps less fair to all the girls in the class than the first two. The purpose of "Story-telling" in the Junior department is to provide every girl who wishes it the opportunity to become adept in the art. Work out the best program you can for your particular group, and make the March story-evening an outstanding event.

Of particular interest, especially if the attention of the class members seems to lag a little, is the action-story, in which all girls do something toward

putting the idea over. The following story, "The King with the Terrible Temper," is one which provides much fun. Before the narrator begins to tell the story, the class is divided into five groups, and each group assigned to dramatize one bit in the story.

THE KING WITH A TERRIBLE TEMPER

Characters

The King with the Terrible Temper

The fat daughter Grrrrrrr
The thin daughter Ka-Plunk
The beautiful daughter Whistle
The handsome prince Ahhh
All take part of the Fiery Steed by clapping hands in manner of a running horse.

As each of the characters is mentioned in the story the group that takes part of that particular character must rise and do what is assigned.

Story: Many, many years ago there lived a King with a Terrible Temper, (first group rises and says: Grrrr) he had three daughters—the oldest was extremely fat (second group rises and says: Ka-Plunk), a middle aged daughter who was extremely beautiful (fourth group rises Whistles), and a young daughter who was extremely thin (third group rises and says: Ahhhh).

There lived in a neighboring province an extremely handsome prince (Ah hah!) with a fiery steed (Clap Hands). One day he paid a visit to the castle of the King with a Terrible Temper with the purpose of asking for the hand of one of the King's daughters. The King brought out first the eldest and extremely fat daughter. "But she will eat too much," said the prince, so the King brought out the extremely thin daughter, "She does not please me either," quoth the prince. "But I am told you have an extremely beautiful daughter." This made the King extremely angry and he said, "You shall not rob my nursery for a bride." So saying he turned to his court and cried, "Throw out this imposter of a Prince." Just then there appeared on the balcony the King's most beautiful daughter; rapture filled the heart of the handsome prince. He seized the beautiful lady in his arms and ran with her to the door. When the court reached the door they could see nothing but a cloud of dust and hear only the dying footsteps of the fiery steed.

Thus we end the story of the King with a Terrible Temper, a fat daughter, a thin daughter, an extremely beautiful daughter, and the handsome prince with a fiery steed.

Another idea for the story-telling evening is the story festival one, in which stories are told and costumes worn in keeping with the tales—Indian, Japanese, Pioneer, Colonial, Pirate, Gypsy, etc.

VANGUARDS



Individual Scoring System For Vanball

IN the Church-wide finals in Vanball to be held at the Deseret Gymnasium February 23rd and 24th, an individual scoring system will be used for the first time. This system will give credit for serves, "kills," and assists, and will charge as fouls failure to serve over the net and failure to return or place a ball which the player has touched with his hands. A score card for this purpose is being developed by the Vanguard Committee of the General Board which is designed for Church-wide use.

Safety Campaigns Urged

IN Log of Vanguard Trail No. 3 four safety surveys are provided for to be conducted during this coming season. Reports from many stakes and wards indicate that these surveys have been completed with helpful results in a practical way and also with increased interest and attendance on the part of Vanguards. As the surveys serve such a practical purpose and provide worthwhile wholesome activity in which practically all Vanguards are interested the survey plan is urged for all Vanguard Troops throughout the Church.

Indoor Postal Archery Tournament

VANGUARD Leaders should begin active preparation for final participation in the Church-wide Indoor Archery Tournament. Complete details were included in the January issue of the *Improvement Era*. This is an excellent advance educational movement designed to arouse interest in the annual Outdoor Championships, to be held during the June Conference.

Rock Springs Vanguards Honor Historic Site

A SMALL troop of Vanguards, hardly more than a dozen, has accomplished an outstanding achievement. The Rock Springs Troop of the Lyman Stake erected a monument to mark the site of the historic meeting of Brigham Young and Jim Bridger in June, 1847. It is located in Eden Valley, Wyoming, near the point where the Mormon Pioneers crossed the Little Sandy Creek. It is located on the

new highway from Rock Springs to Yellowstone Park and will be seen by thousands of motorists each year.

The Last End

By DEAN GREEN

LAST end!"

The word quickly passed down the shooting line, electrifying the archers standing with ready bows. Every point counted now, as there had been some fine shooting in this Annual Vanguard Archery Tournament.

Gazing at the distant row of brightly-colored targets, arranged in beautiful symmetry across the well-kept lawn, little George W— tried to put his mind and body into that state of balanced relaxation so important to good shooting. Anxiously awaiting the starting whistle, delayed while the archers on No. 2 target were busily scratching for an arrow that had "snaked" under the grass, vagrant thoughts flashed through his mind as he stole quick glances at his shooting companions in his first major archery meet.

"Archery is one of the cleanest of all sports," had said his Vanguard Leader during that first meeting of the new Mutual class. As the early summer breeze filtered across the campus, rustling the leaves on the trees bordering the field, he felt his spirit echo that cry, "clean as the wind and open and fair as the sunshine." All thought of evil fled from his mind as he fingered the simple, beautiful instrument in his hands; its clean limbs pointing toward the sky, attuned to the songs of the ages, a lodestone for all that is true and honest in sport.

"You will gain a sense of beauty and an appreciation of the finer things of life from the study and practice of Archery." His first bow! What pains and care he had taken with that first lemonwood stave! After carefully planning down the back, he had spent hours rounding off the belly to its proper contour, and literally days in bringing it to that final perfection of line and polish. Beautiful to the eye and smooth as satin to the touch, it was an instrument of joy and beauty, an inspiration to artists and craftsmen throughout the ages since man bent the first crude stick and fashioned a weapon of power and utility. You simply couldn't resist the desire to take it up, pull the string to the chin, and feel the flow of power imprisoned in its perfect curves. Never laid on the

wet grass or dropped to the hard earth, it had retained its beauty and still served as a model for other aspiring youngsters of the class, although he had another of stronger pull and faster cast to serve in today's test. Does not the joy and pride in an object of one's own workmanship lead to appreciation of the efforts of others?

"You will get thrills never received in any other sport." Even from the time he loosed that first wobbly shaft at the leaky old target in the ward amusement hall, George had thrilled to the joy of putting his strength into the bow and speeding the arrow on its way toward the chosen mark. Unforgettable are those roving expeditions into the fields, argosies of purest happiness. Each hillock, clump of bushes or upstanding clod of earth invited a contest of skill. Shouts of joy at each close hit, then on to the next mark. Or arching the shafts heavenward in swift flight, watching them almost disappear into the blue, pause at highest point, turn gracefully and plunge in flashing splendor to the waiting earth, coming to quivering rest in the welcoming sod. Those ever-to-be-remembered shots that sped the wily rabbits on their way, or frightened the wary crow into profane indignation at its disturber. In those broad fields, George had sealed his membership in the age-old clan of Nimrods, and became a veritable blood-brother to Robin Hood and his mighty host of forbears.

"Archery will ingrain a new sense of fair play and honesty in sport and life." Straight and true the arrow, straight and true the man! Nature rewards the honest archer with calmness of mind, peace of conscience, and pleasantness of appearance. Many are the chances to gain that extra two points by calling that shaft "in" which does not quite touch the inner circle. But mere scores do not seem to matter in archery. Was it fairly won? Am I taking advantage of my opponent? Those slender shafts seem to strengthen one's desire for fair play, and courtesy and consideration for your fellow archers soon develop in each new recruit. Boys addicted to horseplay in other sports find a self restraint in the practice of archery that adds a much needed fiber to the pattern of their character, resulting in the development of finer citizens, which is the ultimate goal of all recreation.

"The continued practice of archery will improve your stature in the general
(To be Continued)

BEE HIVE GIRLS



Calendar

GATHERERS:

April 3—Guide XXIV—Dramatize "Messengers of Spring."

April 10—Open for Girls and Bee-Keepers Planning.

April 17—Guide XXV—Reading.

April 24—Honey Comb.

May 1—Guide XXVI—Feel Joy.

May 8—To be Planned by Girls and Bee-Keepers.

May 15—Guide XXVII—The Bee-Keeper's Service.

May 22—Guide XXVIII—A Social—A Picnic or an Excursion with out-of-door games if possible.

May 29—Open.

BUILDERS:

April 3—Guide XXIV—Beauty in the Home.

April 10—Guide XXV—Open for your planning.

April 17—Guide XXVI—Beauty of Person.

April 24—Work on Honey Comb.

May 1—Guide XXVII—Honey Comb.

May 8—Guide XXVIII—Open for your planning.

May 15—Open to complete work.

May 22—Open to complete work.

May 29—Open to complete work.

NYPHS:

April 3—Guide XXVII—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.

April 10—Guide XXVIII—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.

April 17—Guide XXIX—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.

April 24—Work on Little City.

May 1—Guide XXX—The Spirit of the Hive and Spirit of Religion.

May 8—Guide XXXI—The Spirit of Religion.

May 15—Guide XXXII—Church Organization.

May 22—Work on the Little City.

May 29—Open.

Business

CAP AND BAND

DUE to many requests from the field it has been decided that Caps Bands may be purchased separately. Bands 30c, Cap (to replace worn one) 40c, Cap and Band 65c. The following combinations may be worn as an official uniform:

1. Bands alone.
2. Cap and Band.
3. Kahki colored dress with the blue tie or band.
4. The dress with tie or band and cap.

Bee-Keepers, are you checking carefully on the cells which are being filled? The year is advancing rapidly. We would remind you that in order for a girl to complete her rank, she must fill at least two cells in each field—27 in all. Are your girls working in all the fields?

Thoughts for Bee Keepers

ENTHUSIASM is the dynamo of your personality. Without it, whatever abilities you may possess lie dormant; and it is safe to say that nearly everyone has more latent power than they ever learned to use. You may have knowledge, sound judgment, good reasoning faculties, but no one—not even yourself—will know it until you discover how to put your heart into thought and action.

From the Field

A REPORT FROM THE HYRUM STAKE

OUR stake Bee-Hive outing held last summer is rather late in being reported. It was held at the Girls' Camp in Logan canyon. Sixty-five girls and eleven Bee-Keepers were present. The housekeeper said it was the largest such group that has ever been there.

We insisted that at least one Bee-Keeper accompany each swarm and be responsible for them. Each ward brought food for one meal for the entire group. The Bee-Keepers drew numbers at a stake meeting as to which meal they were to prepare. We made a tentative schedule, which is enclosed, for every hour and each activity for the two days. A mimeographed copy was given to each person so they would know what was to take place. This schedule was carried out exactly except that the hike was delayed two hours on account of a rain during the night which cooled the air and made the hike more pleasant.—Reta Allen, Stake Bee-Keeper.

Bee-Hive Girls

By Margaret Clayton

WE'RE Bee-Hive Girls,
We're Bee-Hive Girls.

From dear old Cannon Ward
With our work

We never shirk

For we are Bee-Hive Girls.

Out of our duties,

We make play;

We do a good turn every day,

Our lessons help us on our way,

Hurrah, hurrah, for the M. I. A.

MY IDEAS OF WISDOM PERTAIN-
ING TO FOOD, DRINK, REST,
EXERCISE, FRESH AIR, CLEAN-
LINESS AND CONTENTMENT

I THINK that a person needs plenty of wholesome foods to keep their body in good condition. We should eat whole wheat bread, plenty of fruits and vegetables, especially leafy vegetables.

Drink lots of milk, it helps to make our body grow strong. We should drink at least six glasses of water a day. Hot and strong drinks are not good for us, because they tear down our body, and then we are breaking the "Word of Wisdom."

Rest is another very necessary thing to keep our body in good condition. After you go without sleep for so long of a time you cannot live any longer, because you need rest as well as anything else. Children going to school or people working in an office, if they go without their required amount of rest, cannot work as well because their brain is tired.

We all should take exercises. The best time for taking them is either in the morning or at night. Exercises should be taken where there is plenty of fresh air. Exercising helps to digest our food.

If we have pure fresh air to breathe there will not be as many diseases. People while sleeping should have their windows open, so they can breathe in the fresh air.

You cannot be healthy unless you are clean. You should take a bath at least twice a week, and put on clean clothing if possible. Brush your teeth at least twice a day. See that your face, hands, neck, and ears are clean, also your hair. If a person is dirty and untidy, a clean person looks down on her and does not want to associate with her.

I think that cleanliness has a lot to do with contentment. A person should be contented with what she has if she can see no other way of getting anything better.

I think that people are not keeping the "Word of Wisdom" when they tear down their body by not eating proper kinds of foods and by drinking drinks that are not good for us. So let us all try and keep the "Word of Wisdom" by keeping healthy.—Verda Turnbow, age 13, Redcliff Ward, Duchesne Stake.

S C O U T S



MYERS COVE

By Harrold Stevens Alvord

*That magic land—Idaho—called by Joaquin Miller
"The Gem of the Mountains," speaks in this article by a Scout
Executive who loves the
gleaming peaks and the big
blue valleys of the Salmon
Country.*

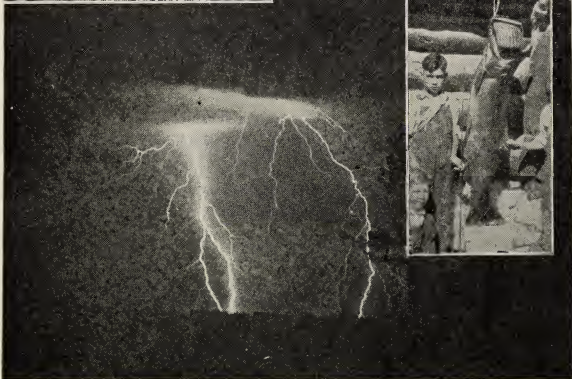


Photo by Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service.
ABOVE: BLUE GROUSE.
CENTER: DRY LIGHTNING.
RIGHT: "WHAT A WHOPPER."

SUMMER is the time for free wheeling adventure. Just fan the thin dust from the main highway. The road is smooth and wide. Here in Central Idaho, synchronized between two mountain ranges, we find nature blending and beautiful.

"Slow down to thirty for Challis is ahead," warns a hybrid road sign. In this community banker and jovial mountaineer, chat and play together. At the Inn, other guests include merchant or swaggering cattlemen just in from the Pahsimeroi Valley. They too, are enjoying the last morsel of food so pleasantly served. Their chief characteristic is the clothes they wear, for without exception, they are courteous and helpful. Up the main street, with some protection given by two recent buildings, is a crazy log hut. It has long since

been tipped sideways by elements and man. Slabs plug the crooked front door. A cement walk is high above the threshold. The roof is shingled with earth, matted with prairie grass. Beyond, bright and inviting, we see the U. S. flag and forestry shield. Mr. Farrell is the supervisor. He, being clothed in gaberdine and unquestioned authority, extends a friendly hand. From him we must obtain our permit to enter the land of the Middle Fork. Following carefully chosen ques-

tions, the request is quickly given or firmly denied. In either event it is definitely settled. In response to our query, he will stroll to the huge wall map, lightly extend his index finger over contours, then deliberately stop where "fishing is good." With the permit in hand and the day half gone, we quickly arrange axe, add bucket, shovel and food aplenty. The tools are mandatory. The food, although last, is by no means the least. As a final aid from without to those within, we talk over a single line to the end of the trail. Ere the sun goes down, the nearest store will be sixty-four miles away, with a mountain range between.

PREPARED now, we drive over a splendid highway toward Salmon City. Once it was a rough trail traveled by hardy Saints. Meandering nearby is the placid Salmon River. The eleven miles

HEAD OF SHIP ISLAND CREEK



A NEW DEAL FOR THE OLD HEATING STOVE

We'll Change it to a

*Natural
Gas*
HEATER

\$
ONLY **1** DOWN

Your present heating stove—no matter what kind it is—can be readily changed to burn Natural Gas, the quick, clean, convenient, economical modern fuel.

You can have it for only \$1 down . . . and \$1 a month for 12 months. The total cost is only \$13—and it will be the best investment you ever made.

TREMENDOUS ADVANTAGES

There are many reasons why you want gas heat. It means quicker warmth . . . easily controlled . . . clean . . . no ashes, smoke, soot or cinders . . . no labor! A single match is your kindling pile. And you'll find that this new gas heating-stove burner is remarkably economical to operate.

It takes only a few hours to change over. Come in and get full details.

UTAH GAS & COKE CO.
OGDEN GAS CO.
WASATCH GAS CO.

to Morgan Creek passes quickly. It seems but a flick in the day's time. The motor responds while freedom reigns. With thoughts of a camp in the land of mystery, breathing quickens. Hearts thump, as we anticipate quiet, where forces and life go on unexplained. Before turning from the main highway, we are impressed with the ruggedness in Central Idaho. Fragrance from shaded summer blooms permeates the air.

The creek road is banked with verdure; color is profuse. This narrow grade, smooth though firm, leads us to the headwaters of the "River Of No Return" and Myers Cove. Signs of "Caution," "Prevent Forest Fires," dot the many curves and lodge pole pine. Clinging to the mountainside, slowly we wind to climb through stately evergreens. Heavy timber fills the canyon below. Extreme care rides in the seat near the driver. Turnouts are few, with travel unexpected. Natives on the road, in motor car or ancient buckboard, display their uncanny maneuvering skill. Willing to take the danger side, they hang on edge, smile to the stopped though passing stranger, gain their equilibrium and disappear at the nearby point.

At the summit, high above the oppressive valley heat, we are stopped by a guard. Here in this thin invigorating air, motor and traveler are refreshed, as fire fighting equipment is displayed. Fresh smoke dilates the nostrils. An inquiry is made. Careless elements and thoughtless campers have left fire uncontrolled. For a fortnight, men and blaze have lived and stubbornly fought side by side.

Congential Mr. Romano, Assistant Forestry Supervisor, had enlightened us. According to him, the man made fires represent but one-fourth of this hideous waste. Dry lightning is the chief cause.

MYRIAD curves and open refreshing creeks are marked with fanciful names. The frequent green and white sign of the ranger becomes a token of security. A stray sleek deer darts from the underbrush to take our attention from the pungent odor of burning pine. Accommodating grouse, with artful poise, proudly stand as our camera shoots. The speedometer registers fifty-three interesting though slow going miles. Abruptly the road ends.

Held straight by taut twisted wires between short stocky posts, is the heavy gate. The "Welcome" sign, fastened to the uppermost cross pole, swings incessantly. In the house, on the mound, lives the Wilson family. "Billy" the guide, is known deep into the "deer" country. He has built well for his wife, daughter Elaine, and toddling son, Judy. They enjoy many worthwhile things besides contentment. There is a phonograph near assorted records; a code of ethics managed well. Although more than 250 miles from their church house, their religion seems very near; the "Word of Wisdom" vital. One is impressed with this isolated though decent orderly living. Tobacco and strong drink cannot warp these friends of man. As guide, haymaker, parent or Temple visitor, with him the pioneer spirit thrives and unfolds.

Camas is the nearest creek. Chinook salmon thrive in the shaded pools. Upon the cobblestone ripples these monsters of the fresh water streams baffle science and sportsman. In pairs they work the gravel as their steel-like sides are easily seen. In Nature's time, minnows come. For no ominous reasons, these fingerlings move downstream. In an effort to trace this strange migration, many fins are marked in the Government Hatchery at Salmon City. Without doubt, they head into the Columbia River, work through various channels and become lost in the sea. Once in the Pacific, they become hidden as a secret. Some say they go deep, while other notions include a life under the ice floes of the north. These theories are mere guesses and are unreliable. During the interval of four to seven years, they become thirty pounds or more. Some have been known to weigh thrice thirty. With spring high water, many find their ways into the little streams from which they had gone. Here in twos they spawn, become soft, waste away and die. Through long organized observation, this seems clear, accurate and a systematic certainty. But why, or where do they go? We do not know. It is one of the unsolved mysteries of the hills.

Here at trails end, with the ripples, Chinook and friends will return. The Salmon grow soft and die, but the friends grow firm and live, for this is Myers Cove.

M. I. A. ACCOMPLISHMENTS DURING NOVEMBER, 1933

STAKES	No. Wards in Stake		No. Wards Reporting		No. whose Enrollment is 10% or more of Ward Population		No. Wards whose Average Attendance is 2 1/2 or more of their Enrollment		No. Wards having Completed Class Discussions and Activities to Date		No. Wards having Collected 10% of Fund		No. Wards Conducting "Era" Campaign		No. Wards Conducting "Era" Campaign		No. Wards Holding Sun. Joint Sessions in Nov.		No. Having Used "Era" in Nov.		No. Wards Having Held the Thanksgiving Ball					
	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.				
Alberta	12	7	6	8	5	8	2	8	3	6	6	3	5	3	4	4	8	Yes	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Alpine	6	4	6	5	3	6	2	4	4	6	4	3	3	6	4	4	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Bannock	9	9	9	9	5	9	4	9	4	9	4	3	3	9	4	4	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Bear Lake	11	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Bear River	12	10	11	11	9	9	5	8	9	10	10	7	4	2	2	2	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Beaver	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Benson	14	10	12	5	3	12	12	10	9	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Blackfoot	13	10	12	5	3	12	12	10	9	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Blaine	8	7	12	12	12	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Boise	11	14	14	14	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Box Elder	14	14	14	14	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Burley	9	9	9	9	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
CACHE	10	10	10	10	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Carbon	10	10	10	10	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Cassia	5	5	5	5	2	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Cottonwood	5	5	5	5	2	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Civilian	10	10	10	10	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Curlew	7	6	7	6	6	6	6	6	2	5	3	1	4	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Deseret	11	9	7	8	4	6	3	6	7	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
East Jordan	11	11	11	11	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Emery	11	11	11	11	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Ensign	8	8	8	8	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Franklin	14	14	14	14	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Garfield	8	8	8	8	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Granite	10	7	9	9	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Grant	14	14	14	14	10	10	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Gunnison	7	7	7	7	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Hollywood	14	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Hyrum	10	5	5	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Idaho	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Idaho Falls	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Juan	5	5	5	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Juarez	6	6	6	6	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Kanab	7	7	7	7	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Kolob	6	6	6	6	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Lehi	6	6	6	6	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Lethbridge	8	7	7	7	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Liberty	12	12	12	12	7	7	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Logan	11	10	11	10	7	7	6	6	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Los Angeles	12	10	12	7	9	9	7	6	9	11	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Loyman	8	4	5	2	5	3	5	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Malden	10	10	10	10	7	7	5	9	8	10	3	9	6	6	7	3	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	7	7	5	9	8	10	3	9	6	6	7	3	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Millard	7	7	7	7	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Minidoka	8	8	8	8	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Moapa	12	7	7	7	5	2	5	7	7	3	1	6	6	6	2	5	1	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Montpelier	14	5	7	5	6	1	4	4	4	4	3	4	6	5	4	3	5	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Morgan	8	4	5	5	3	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	1	2	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Moreno	11	11	11	11	7	7	5	9	8	10	3	9	6	6	7	3	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Mt. Ogden	8	8	8	8	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Nevada	7	4	6	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	2	4	3	2	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
North Davis	7	7	7	7	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
North Sanpete	7	6	7	6	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
North Sevier	4	2	4	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
North Weber	14	14	14	14	10	10	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Ogden	12	12	12	12	7	7	9	9	7	11	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Onida	11	8	11	5	9	5	9	7	9	9	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Oquirrh	6	6	6	6	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Palmira	9	6	8	5	8	3	8	5	5	8	1	2	8	7	4	2	6	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Panguitch	9	6	6	6	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Parowan	11	6	7	2	5	3	7	6	9	5	3	6	7	5	5	2	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Pineer	11	11	11	11	7	7	9	9	7	11	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Pocastello	10	9	10	6	5	4	7	9	7	3	2	10	9	5	8	5	8	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Portneuf	9	8	7	6	6	4	4	4	4	4	2	1	6	4	4	4	5	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Raft River	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	No	1	1	4	2	6	6	5	2
Ricby	13	9	5	6	8	6	4																			

M. I. A. ACCOMPLISHMENTS DURING NOVEMBER, 1933

STAKES	No. Wards in Stake		No. Wards Reporting		No. whose Enrollment is 10% or more of Ward Population		No. Wards whose Average Attendance is 1/2 or more of their Enrollment		No. Wards having Completed Class Discussions and Activities to Date		No. Wards having Collected 10% of Fund		No. Wards Conducting Tues. End Period Activity		Give Number of Wards Conducting Depts. in:		Has the Stake made plans for a Music Festival?	No. Wards Organized to Participate in the Following Singing Groups		No. Wards Conducting "Era" Campaign		No. Wards Holding Sun. Joint Sessions in Nov.		No. Having Used "Era" Program		No. Wards Having Held Thanksgiving Ball		
	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking		Telling	Conversion	Ladies Chorus	Mixed Chorus	Male Chorus						
Utah	10	6	9	3	6	4	7	9	8	8	6	1	1	9	6	3	4	4	2	4	5	Yes	4	4	8	7	5	4
Utah	9	9	9	7	7	7	3	8	8	7	3	1	9	9	8	7	9	4	9	4	5	Yes	8	8	9	7	7	6
Wasatch	9	8	8	5	5	3	5	8	8	5	5	3	4	1	5	4	1	1	1	1	1	No	3	3	4	6	3	5
Wayne	9	8	8	5	5	3	5	8	8	5	5	3	4	1	5	4	1	1	1	1	1	No	3	3	4	6	3	5
Weber	9	8	8	5	5	3	5	8	8	5	5	3	4	1	5	4	1	1	1	1	1	No	3	3	4	6	3	5
West Jordan	7	5	5	2	4	2	7	4	5	8	3	1	2	5	4	2	4	4	3	3	1	Yes	1	1	5	5	8	3
Woodruff	5	5	5	2	4	2	7	4	5	8	3	1	2	5	4	2	4	4	3	3	1	Yes	1	1	5	5	8	3
Yellowstone	10	6	10	3	5	4	2	7	4	5	8	3	1	2	5	4	2	4	4	3	1	Yes	1	1	5	5	8	3
Zion Park	7	5	5	2	4	2	7	4	5	8	3	1	2	5	4	2	4	4	3	3	1	Yes	1	1	5	5	8	3
Calif. Mission	42	28	34	28	30	16	24	28	24	6	11	3	24	13	18	21	15	8	8	8	1	Yes	3	3	32	22	31	33
Eastern States	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	1	Yes	1	1	3	3	29	28
Northwestern Sta's	33	16	16	13	13	12	12	16	16	3	3	3	4	7	8	4	8	3	1	1	1	Yes	4	2	6	12	15	11
Western States	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	Yes	1	1	1	1	1	1
Texas Mission	7	3	3	1	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	Yes	1	1	3	3	3	1
Northern States	7	10	6	7	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	1	Yes	12	12	12	8	5	2

The Stakes have held many events not shown in this report. November seems to be the popular month for road shows; a few Gold and Green Balls have already been held, also M Men-Gleaner banquets and dances; Thanksgiving Balls, Harvest Balls, Senior Banquets and dances and other events have been reported. The Stakes are to be congratulated upon their fine showing this month. We hope the enthusiasm will be renewed after the holidays.

A Message For All M. I. A. Workers

(Continued from page 81)

trine and Covenants from which we have quoted. It is the immediate word of the Lord to this generation. Whatever inspiration we derive from its influence will depend upon our study of and adherence to it.

Not inferior to the scriptures as

a refining influence is the word of the Lord's present constituted authority here. The First Presidency of the Church, together with the Quorum of the Twelve, are prophets, seers and revelators and have been unanimously sustained as such—at least, for the past number of years, I have heard of no dissenting vote at any stake or general conference. But I have heard complaint and adverse criticism of our General Authorities. It might be well for the man or woman who publicly votes to sustain the constituted authority of the Church and who subsequently finds fault with or even holds up to ridicule one or more of those he has voted to sustain, to realize that such action proclaims him or her not only to be a hypocrite but a liar. Hypocrisy and lying are direct violations of the formula requisite for human refinement and the Holy Ghost cannot (not will not but cannot) function on such person's behalf.

Be it remembered, that no one makes the plea that the men called to preside over the Church are infallible. They are human. Mortality precludes infallibility. That very fact makes support of the authorities incumbent upon us. Their responsibilities are sufficiently heavy in the ordinary discharge of their duties. Their load becomes oner-

ous indeed when they are supported by vote merely and not by deed.

What strides in the process of refinement could the Church of Jesus Christ not make if all Latter-day Saints gave loyal support and prayerful heed to the counsels of the Lord's spokesmen! Indeed, the priesthood is of use to the Lord and of benefit to us only as we honor and magnify it, and when men complain that the presiding priesthood is not functioning for their good, it is because they are failing to make it so function. Having voted to sustain men as prophets, seers and revelators, we must do our part by faith, prayer, and work, to make them such.

Refining influences become inspiring by our doing. Undaunted bearing testimony of the truth in face of opposition is a refining influence of rare power. The strongest testimonies of the gospel's truth are gained from its most vigorous defense. Fearless obedience to the word of the Lord in the face of ridicule tempers moral fiber to unbreakable hardness. In short, support of the truth, from whatever source, intelligent and indomitable obedience to eternal law are the very fires of refinement. Inspired thereby, we will develop the gifts within us.

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III

"Wherefore beware lest ye are deceived; and that ye may not be deceived, seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given."*

Be ye not deceived!

WERE I asked what one word best describes society today, I should reply, "Bewilderment." The world is befogged. The experience of today is confounding the wisdom of yesterday. The inefficacy of today's remedies will be discovered tomorrow. Relief is not to be found save in obedience to the law.

"But wo unto him that has the law given, yea, that has all the commandments of God, like unto us, and that transgresseth them, and that wasteth the days of his probation, for awful is his state!

"O that cunning plan of the evil one! O the vainness, and the frailties, and the foolishness of men! When they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves, wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it profiteth them not. And they shall perish."†

Our immediate need is ability to see. There are gifts many, but of them all, the one most in need of development during this dark hour is the gift of discernment. The world is flying blind without instruments. National and international leaders are groping frenziedly for techniques for recovery. Staggering sums of money are being spent to save the economic structure and the whole scheme is admittedly experimental. In a fit of hysteria, our own country is repudiating one of its ideals in the ridiculously—or should we say tragically—futile hope that the legalizing of liquor will bring about temperance and permanently increase revenue. Verily, the world is bewildered.

O the vainness of the learned men who think they are wise, yet set aside the counsel of God. Here is the word of the Lord to this people—given just one hundred years ago:

"If you keep not my commandments, the love of the Father shall not continue with you, therefore you shall walk in darkness."‡

*Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 46:8.

†2 Nephi 9:27-8.

‡Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 75:12.

And from an ancient scripture: "But to be learned is good if they hearken unto the counsels of God."§

The writer of the Old Testament Proverbs imparts divinely profound wisdom when he writes, "Where there is no vision the people perish." And notice what he writes next, "But he that keepeth the law, happy is he."¶

Without obedience to law there is no vision.

The Holy Ghost has been given to every Latter-day Saint and the obedience of that Latter-day Saint to God's law will make him subject to the Holy Spirit's refining influence. Thus inspired, the gift of discernment—the ability to see—will develop within him and he will rise to such leadership as will bring the world out of the dark chaos of ignorance and bewilderment into the bright sunlight of truth and assurance.

IV

LET the M. I. A. worker remember that the organization's project for this year is the development of leadership. Surface refinement, the mere attributes of worth, while making for pleasing personality are not enough for genuine leadership. In addition to these and to almost inexhaustible energy and indefatigable effort, he must have vision. He must know where he is going and why.

Every M. I. A. leader in every department faces a challenge in his particular work. Inspired by the refining influences of Mormonism, how are you Adult leaders presenting "Religion—A Way of Life?" You Senior leaders, what are you accomplishing with your discussions of today's problems? You M Men leaders! With immorality rampant about us, are you definitely helping young fellows over a rough way? With crime gnawing at the very vitals of society, what are you doing with the M Men civic projects? Are your Treasures of Truth merely scrap books, you Gleaner leaders? What of permanent worth are the girls under your leadership garnering into their spiritual storehouses as they glean in the fields of biography? Having met in M. I. A. with the M Men, what are your joint accomplish-

§Ibid, 2 Nephi 9:29.

¶Proverbs 29:18.

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ments in personality improvement? The challenge is yours too, Junior leaders and Scoutmasters, and especially yours, Community Activity leaders.

Does the philosophy, "The song of the heart is a prayer unto me," permeate your music leadership? Is study of the drama leading into the recognition of beauty and the revelation of truth? Is the work in the dancing department developing healthy admiration of the beauty of and reverence for the sanctity of the human body as well

as giving pleasant diversion? Are conversation, story telling, and public address producing better mental habits and building finer characters through improvement of that Godlike gift—speech—which sets us apart from the brute creation? Are all your parties and socials good fun inspired by leadership which not only invites but

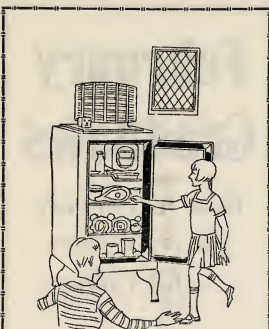
evokes the presence of the Spirit of the Lord? In short, are they recreational?

Let's accept the challenge!

Inspired by the refining influences of Mormonism, shall we so develop our gifts that they will culminate in the greatest of all gifts—eternal salvation and exaltation in our Father's Kingdom?

The Beloved Cinderella

(Continued from page 95)



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voice was convincing; he meant what he said! Had she been dreaming? Was she mad? Her white lips moved but no words came.

Blanchard drummed on the desk with his strong nervous fingers. They were in a circle of light and Star fixed her eyes on them, fascinated—how short and square-tipped they were!

"I see you have nothing to say," he went on after a moment, and his tone hardened. "Of course these people—the Binneys—knew. But I thought you might be only their dupe. It's clear enough; it was a put-up job, you're no relation of mine whatever. It may have looked like a good thing; it has been a good thing for you for awhile, but it couldn't last; you should have known that, my girl!"

Star lifted her eyes to his face but it was still obscured by the shadows. Beyond him she saw Carr, and he avoided her look. She rose slowly to her feet.

"I don't know what you mean," she said in a low voice. "You told me—you were my father!"

Blanchard's lips twisted into a hard smile.

"We'll have to make a clear statement, Jim," he said grimly. "It's this way, young woman. Mrs. Binney produced the clothes my poor child wore, her locket and certain other proofs; she, this Binney woman, had them from Pharcellus. We happen to know that such a man was one of the kidnapers. Mrs. Binney claimed that, through his death at her house, she had just learned that you were the stolen heiress. Her proofs were good, I accepted them. Jim Carr, here, my legal adviser, as you know, could have unmasked you long ago but he hated to do

it. He believed you innocent, I was happy, and you were young and pretty. Today, when I was to make certain financial provisions for my daughter, he felt forced to tell me the truth. Some time ago I offered twenty-five thousand dollars for news of my child—alive or dead. Carr had just received absolute proof when I summoned him to see you and hear that I'd found my child. He kept silent. Jim," Blanchard turned to him sternly, "I do blame you for that!"

Carr spoke with an effort. "It was hard, sir," his voice deepened with emotion; "it's hard now—spare her, Mr. Blanchard!"

BLANCHARD drew a long breath. "It's bitter!" he exclaimed, and then to Star: "I want you to understand all the points against you. A convict in State's prison has confessed, he sent for Carr. He, the convict, and this Pharcellus were together when my baby girl was stolen. Pharcellus took the clothes but the child died—" Blanchard's voice broke—"and they buried her. Carr has proved all this. He's had the grave opened. A little ring—missing from the things Mrs. Binney had—was there. I have it here, Jim brought it to me. I—" Blanchard stopped, choked, commanded himself, and went on—"I can see the temptation was great; a fortune was involved. I suppose you were to pay a living to these people, the Binneys. But it was a poor game; it's found out, it was sure to be found out. You're no daughter of mine."

Star stood up, straight and slim and pale, her gray eyes wide.

"This—this story is true?" she looked from one to the other, from Blanchard's angry face to Carr's flushed and uneasy one. She took a step nearer, facing Carr.

"Tell me, it's you who did this! You meant this—you would never tell, you said, if I'd marry you! It was this! Is it true?"

He met her eyes reluctantly, but he stood his ground. "It's all true—unfortunately," he replied in a low voice.

Blanchard, too angry to heed Star's accusation of Carr, nodded his head. "All true! That old man and woman down there, your friends, are liable to a charge of conspiracy to defraud."

"You think they knew it was false?" Star cried suddenly—"the Binneys? No, no! Pap's the soul of honor—he wouldn't do it! It's—oh, it's a hideous mistake."

"About you, yes," Blanchard, in his disappointment and grief, was unmerciful. "It was all a lie."

Star caught at the side of the table opposite to him and leaned

upon it. "Do you mean—you think I came here—as an imposter—on purpose?" she cried.

He nodded. "What else can we think?" he demanded sharply. "You came through a fraud, a frame-up," he laughed bitterly. "It's paid pretty well, Carr, hasn't it?" he added, with biting irony, appealing to the young man by the fire.

But Carr did not answer him, his eyes were on the girl. Etta was right; he was mad about the girl and he had dragged her down from her pedestal. He was flushed and shaken now—how lovely she was!

Star put her hand to her throat, backing away from the table and

staring at Blanchard with dilated eyes.

"You think I came—to take you in—to get your money—like a thief?" she gasped. "Like a thief! No, no, I—" she swayed, stretching out her beautiful hands with a poignant gesture, took a faltering step backward and fell unconscious to the floor. (*To be Continued*)

As the Earth Turns

(Continued from page 100)

often unrecognized because it is so unassuming. She moves from task to task, through good fortune and bad, with a deep content in the land, the seasons, and finally in her own romance.

The theme of this book, which is old, yet so entirely new in a novel, marks the trend in modern literature back to the basic things of life. Wil-

liam Allen White, Publisher and author, makes this comment on "As the Earth Turns": "As a view of American life quite outside of its environment and beyond the story, the book is a contribution to an understanding of the American Spirit. Here are courage with humor, purpose without cant, idealism mixed with practical common sense. The characters in the story dramatize the fundamental virtues of America and yet live and shine as human beings. It is—and there is no other word which exactly describes it—a beautiful book."

Sunday Evening Joint Meeting

(Continued from page 107)

the most important features of our program. Occasionally it may be well to remind ourselves of these fundamental objectives and see if we are using the conjoint meeting especially to promote them.

The programs should always be in keeping with the Sabbath Day. They should be of a highly cultural type, distinctly colored throughout with the religious atmosphere, and a part of each at least, should present Latter-day Saint principles and teachings.

We discourage programs made up entirely of musical numbers to feature a certain group of students, but favor rather an address or exercise of a faith-promoting character accompanied by several sacred musical selections.

We voice our sincere appreciation of our lovely singers and others who assist so generously in making these programs attractive but strongly advise that they accept but one appointment for an evening so that they may remain and enjoy the spirit of the meeting.

We suggest that all women who

speak or perform any part on the program remove their hats.

The programs should be varied and new features introduced so as to secure and interest large audiences of young people.—Clarissa A. Beesley.

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Some Beautiful Way

(Continued from page 73)

ful of fresh towels. "It's no good trying," she thought hopelessly. "It's simply no good. She hates me. I can see it in the way she stares at me. And it'll get worse as she gets bigger—"

"What's the matter?" she demanded sharply from the doorway.

And Holly said, "Nothing," furtively. And after Georgia went out she thought of all the nice things that could happen if Georgia loved her. For one thing, Georgia would hold her with smooth arms and push back her hair, and sing. Another thing, she could go in Georgia's bedroom and get in bed with her, maybe like on Sundays. And they could read the funny papers, and laugh.

Besides, if Georgia loved her she could have parties!

That had become an obsession with her. No one had ever had time to have a party for Holly, even Mama. But she'd been to one once, with ice cream and coconut cake and lots of kids laughing and playing games, with prizes to win, at Sarah's house, with Sarah's mama going around big and rosy and being nice to them all.

She didn't know when she first began to want a party, but she did want one terribly. She thought some day she would have one, too. But it couldn't be until she got big and lived in a house of her own, because she knew Georgia would never let her have a party. For one thing, Georgia kept things picked up so, and was such a good housekeeper, and parties *did* muss things up. Why, Richard Scott had even broken a vase at Sarah's party. And besides, kids made a lot of noise, especially boys like Glen and Buddy, and you simply couldn't make a lot of noise in an apartment. Not with cross old people like the Goulds living below.

If they lived in a house, though, and if Georgia loved her—oh, she'd have a party all right. As nice as Sarah's and the kids could see Georgia then, with her hair the color of gold wedding rings and maybe her best dress. Come to think of it, though, Georgia wouldn't put her best dress on for a children's party, would she? Even if she loved Holly? Because it was

a beautiful blue one, as soft as air, and it made her neck and arms look terribly white, and it fluttered when she walked across the floor in blue high-heeled slippers that exactly matched, made of satin.

No, Holly knew that, the way things were, she could never, never have a party. She knew it as well as anything.

And so she never could say, any time after, what made her *say* she was going to have a party. It was a lie. It was a dreadful, horrible lie and the minute she told it she knew God would hate her forever, and Georgia, too, and that she wouldn't go to heaven.

She'd got to school early that morning.

She hadn't kissed Georgia goodbye because she was too shy to have begun that custom. She just said, "Goodbye, Georgia," and Georgia looked up from her grapefruit and said, "Goodbye, Holly," without hardly smiling, and then she said, sort of quick, "Do you—do you have your books and everything?"

And Holly said, "Yes."

And then Georgia said, "Your coat isn't buttoned right. Come here."

Holly went to her. She undid all the buttons and buttoned them over again, and oh, she smelled sweet up that close. The sun shining on her diamond engagement ring hurt Holly's eyes. She looked up and into the glow that was Georgia's hair and that hurt her eyes, too, so she lowered them to Georgia's rose crepe shoulder. Her eyes felt wet.

"This is a nice coat, Holly."

"Yes."

"I can sew, too," Georgia said.

She didn't say anything.

Georgia looked at her a minute.

"Oh, quit sulking!" she said, jumping up. "I can't stand it!"

And Holly said, "I ain't," and turned red, because she hadn't meant to say ain't, since she was a big girl and knew better, but Georgia thought she was angry.

ON the way to school her eyes still felt wet from the bright engagement ring and Georgia's gold hair, or something, and she wished terribly that whatever was the matter would be remedied quickly, and that she was pretty enough for Georgia to love her, with hair that curled.

She wished it all the way to school, and the wishing was like a

funny pain at the pit of her stomach. She got to school early, but Katie and Sarah and Florence were there earlier and playing jacks on the big cement steps.

"You want to play?" they asked her.

"Sure I do." She sat down beside them.

"You're fourth, after Katie, then."

"Whose jacks?"

"Sarah's."

"You playing with *eight*?" she asked.

"Course," Sarah said, very casual. "Only the little kids play with five."

"Oh."

They played silently, then, with little unskillful hands. It was when Holly was on Threes in Eggs-in-the-Basket that Katie asked the question that started all the trouble.

"Holly, she said, watching her to see that she didn't 'stir,' 'Holly, are stepmothers mean?'"

Holly looked up, fumbled the jacks and the ball rolled away from her. She leaned over as far as she could and retrieved it, her face very red.

"Are they mean, Holly?"

"No, they ain't," she said.

"They are, too," Sarah said.

"How do you know?" she asked fiercely. "Have you got one?"

"Well, most stepmothers are mean, aren't they?"

"Mine's good."

"How good?"

"Well, she's — she's awfully good."

"I bet she ain't," and "As good as a real mother?" they said.

"Course," Holly said stoutly.

"Does she do lots of things for you?"

"Course she does!"

"Like what?"

"Just like your mama does! She — she buttons my coat and — and things like that."

"Does she ever get mad?"

The game was forgotten.

"No."

"I bet she does! I bet she don't kiss you!"

"She does, too!"

"Well, don't cry about it," Katie said.

"I'm not crying."

"You are. What you crying about?"

"Does she hold you on her lap like my mama does?" Sarah asked.

"No," she don't, if you want to

know! And I'd be ashamed to say my mama held me on her lap if I was as big as you!"

"Does she love you?"

"Course!" She was frankly crying now, and she couldn't see why, but somehow she couldn't stop.

FLORENCE slid over and put her arm across her shoulders. "Aw, say," she said. "Aw, say, Holly, don't go crying. Gosh, we didn't say anything to hurt your feelings, did we?"

"The only thing—" Sarah said. "You see, the reason why I ast

was because my aunt said she bet you and your stepmother wouldn't get along very good together on account of your stepmother ain't so crazy about kids, but gee, you don't need to cry, if she *does* love you!"

"Oh, she does!" Holly said.

"Well, then—" Florence tossed out her jacks, began to bounce the ball.

"Only I bet," Sarah went on, "that she don't do all kinds of things like having parties and things like that, like real mothers do."



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How could Sarah know? Holly raised her head. "Why, she does, too."

"Have parties?"

"Yep."

"For you?"

Holly nodded.

"But I notice you ain't had any yet!"

"No, but—but I'm going to have." She gulped. Oh—oh, gee, that was a lie!

"Aw."

"Yes, I am." She thought a moment. "It's tomorrow I'm going to have it. No, it ain't. It's today. It's today I'm going to have my party. This afternoon. After school."

"Aw!"

"Today?" They looked at her with round eyes.

"Yes," she said, without daring to think at all. "At—at four o'clock."

"Why'n't you wait till Saturday?" and "Who's coming?" they asked.

"Oh, all you kids, if you can."

"And Jill and Mary?"

"Why—why, yes," she whispered.

"And Richard and Willis?"

"And Buster and Jimmy and Glen?"

"Course!" She didn't look at them.

"This afternoon?"

"In the apartment where you live?"

"Sure."

"In the apartment where you live?"

"Yep."

Oh, dear heaven, it was a terrible thing to have done! She could almost see the lie. It floated all around her, in the air, like a ghost. Her knees felt shaky and her stomach felt like the Christmas when she ate too many chocolates.

There were many children in the school yard now. She got up and said, "Let Mary take my turn," and went to the cloak room. She took her coat off, and her hat, and hung them up. And then she went into the big bare school room and sat down in her seat in the third row.

She stared at the row of numbers across the board. Four and seven were eleven. Eight times six—. How very terribly Georgia would hate her now! She put her head down on the desk. Three and nine—. She mustn't cry again. Not in school. She was too big

to cry in school. She swallowed and sat up very straight.

AND now children were stringing in. Patty, Morris, in the seat ahead of her. Buddy, Glen. Miss Hawthorne, with a white hat and gloves, who smiled at her and at the rest and said, "Get ready to take your seats because it's nearly time for the bell," and then took her hat off and hung it in her closet and came out patting and fluffing at her nice brown hair. "Did you ask Glen yet?" Five little girls around Holly's desk now.

She shook her head.

"I'll ask him, then," and Sarah flew across the room to a small boy by the window. "It's going to be a party, Glen!" Holly could hear her and the words made little cuts, like knives. "Holly's mama's going to let Holly have it, and it's after school and everything and today!"

"With ice cream?"

Sarah came back. "With ice cream?" she asked.

Holly took a deep breath. "With ice cream," she said bravely.

"With ice cream!" Sarah called. Florence slid into the seat beside her and squeezed her hand. "What kind of ice cream, Holly?"

"Yes," Katie said. "Pink?"

"Uh huh," Holly answered dully. "Pink."

"Or choc'lit?" somebody asked hopefully.

"Oh, choc'lit, too."

"Choc'lit, too?"

"Yep."

"Golly," Richard said. "Two kinds."

She smiled at them all, her head high. "Yep," she said distinctly, "two kinds of ice cream. And," she paused, "and two kinds of cake."

"Goll-ly!"

"Cocoanut and—and—."

"Fudge cake!" somebody helped her.

"Fudge cake," she finished and took out her geography.

There it was! The only amazing thing about it all was that God didn't send a great big angel with a sword, or come Himself, to kill her dead right there in the second-grade room.

There it was. There was the whole dreadful, horrible lie. And it was said, and she couldn't take it back ever. And nobody would ever forget about it, either, and

they'd point their fingers at her, and they wouldn't like her anymore and oh, *what* would Georgia say when *all* those kids clattered up the stairs?

She opened the geography and the words squirmed before her eyes. She was too wicked to live, and if she died she would not go to heaven.

"You got a new dress to wear?" Florence whispered when they sat together for singing.

She shook her head.

"I have. Yellow."

"You going to wear it?" Holly whispered.

"Course."

"My mama," Holly heard herself saying, and was appalled to find the words making another lie, "is going to wear her best dress. Blue. With satin slippers. With high heels."

"Gee."

It would hurt Florence very terribly when she found out there wasn't going to be any party. It would hurt all of them, now that she'd told them about the ice cream and everything.

If she could only stop living and die and step across to heaven!

Her throat ached and her tongue felt thick. And now her eyes were wet again like when she looked at Georgia's engagement ring in the sun.

SHE knew, the minute she stepped in the apartment at noon, that she couldn't tell Georgia what she had done. She couldn't tell her anything at all about it, or Daddy either, or anybody, because it was too awful, and so she just took her coat off and went and washed her hands and face.

Georgia called, "Hello," from the bedroom.

And she said, "Hello," in a little voice. She could see Georgia powdering her nose, and she had a little apron on over her dark silk suit. Georgia came and stood for an instant in the doorway. "I'm going out after lunch, Holly," she said. "But I'll be here when you get home from school."

Holly nodded wordlessly. She'd hoped that Georgia wouldn't be home, and then she could meet all of the kids and tell them—oh, something. And send them away before Georgia got back. "You don't need to come home!" she burst out finally. "Early, I mean—"

"Still sulking?" Georgia asked.

then, cruelly, because she felt hurt.

"You are sulking!" Holly didn't answer.

Holly could hear the click of her tall heels going into the kitchen. She leaned against the tub. What a terrible world to live in and how things did twist and get away from you, and you couldn't do anything about it! She thought she could bear most things, could get along all right, if Georgia loved her. But Georgia didn't, and things were all mixed up and they would never be straight again, she could see that.

The evening seemed very far

away. She wondered vaguely if she would sleep in her little bed and if Daddy would want to kiss her, ever again, when he knew.

At the table Daddy talked very much to Georgia about the office and deals. Holly could hardly eat anything at all.

"Eat your bread and butter, Holly," Daddy said at last, "and your soup. Don't you like tomato soup?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, eat it, then."

She stared at him, and her eyes got tears in them that she couldn't



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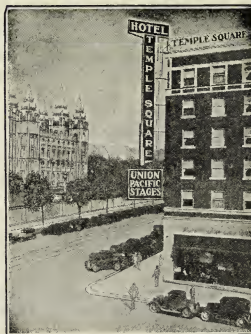
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wink back and her throat got tighter and tighter, and the tears went rushing down her cheeks and then she sobbed.

"Why, kid," Daddy said, and looked funny. "Come here. Why, kid, what's the matter?"

She just sat there, and kept on crying and wiped at her tears with her napkin.

"Don't cry," Georgia said.

Daddy looked at Georgia. "What's she crying about?" he asked helplessly.

"How should I know?" Georgia said.

"Is she—is she hurt or anything?"

"I don't know," Georgia said. "But I do know she's sulked and been sullen every minute since I came here, and I can't stand it!" She got up, her eyes flashing and her cheeks very pink. "She just sulks and sulks."

"What's the matter with you, Holly? Haven't we — haven't Georgia and I been nice to you?"

"Yes," Holly said.

"Then what's the matter?"

"I want to die!"

And then Daddy laughed a little. He came across and kissed her on the cheek. "I suspect you've had a little too much school," he said, "but listen, Holly, it'll be done in a week or so and then you'll have the whole summer to play in!"

She tried to smile.

"Everything all okay now, kid?"

She nodded.

EVERYBODY, it seemed, could come to the party. Katie and Sarah and Florence and Jill and Mary. And Richard and Willis and Buster and Jimmy and Glen. They'd asked their mothers. Everybody would wear their best clothes. It would be very wonderful.

She felt sicker and sicker, with shaky knees and a stomach that felt like Christmas when she ate too many chocolates, only that was funny because she hadn't eaten hardly anything.

She found herself walking up to Miss Hawthorne and saying, "My mother wants to know if I can come home early. At two-thirty."

Miss Hawthorne said, "Your mother, yes. Oh, yes. That's your stepmother, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Did she write a note?"

"No, she didn't. She just told me to ask you."

"Oh, yes. Well, let's see." She went on marking the morning's arithmetic papers. "At two-thirty? Why, I guess you can go. You haven't been absent a single day this year, though, have you?"

Holly shook her head and fled to her seat.

There was another lie. A lie to dear, good Miss Hawthorne. She could see no way out now, no light, nothing. Just darkness. Just endlessness stretching ahead with no happiness anywhere, and always a little pain at the pit of her stomach from telling lies, and finally to die, and not go to heaven. Because of course God hated her now. And Georgia didn't love her anyway. It was a sad, dreadful, terrible world.

At two-thirty she put her book in the desk and got up, and Miss Hawthorne nodded to her smilingly from the desk, and then she went and got her coat.

It was very quiet and queer outside of school. The sun was shining terribly bright, but the wind was cool. Little new leaves rubbed against each other and made a swishing sound like organdie dresses in dancing class. She walked along very slowly with her eyes straight ahead. She could hear a lawn mower clicking and a little dog stood back of a gate and barked at her.

She didn't know where to go, or what to do. She hoped that a car would come and run over her, but when she crossed the street she looked both ways and went carefully. It frightened her to think of dying because she was scared of God now that she'd lied so.

She just kept on walking and walking.

SHE walked a very long way, and sometimes she looked, in store windows and looked and looked, and in the feed store window where there were puppies she forgot all about everything and watched them playing together. They were the littlest puppies she'd ever seen, with big eyes and tongues the color of roses. She knew they would feel soft as satin, and warm. When they tumbled over each other she laughed and laughed, and then she tapped on the glass and they made little rushes at her fingers. She felt very happy looking at them, and then she remembered about everything and went walking on, hurting inside.

She hurt most going past a bakery window, with beautiful sweet brown smells floating all over, because there was a big cocoanut cake in the very middle of the window. It wasn't because she was hungry. She knew in her heart that she would never be able to eat cocoanut cake again, or fudge cake, either, or ice cream or anything.

She thought she would just keep on walking and pretty soon when it got darkish maybe she would go back, and slip in the apartment easy, and go to bed. But no. Daddy would want to talk to her about lying. He would make her stand up in front of him and talk pretty loud. He would say that she was a dreadful little girl, and Georgia would sit in the big chair with the light shining all over her and look at her and think she was ugly.

Maybe she wouldn't go back at all. She knew how very terribly frightened she would be of the dark, but she didn't care.

She heard a clock strike four, and she knew that Katie and Sarah and Florence and Jill and Mary and Richard and Willis and Buster and Jimmy and Glen—all those kids—had clattered up the stairs, in their best clothes, so very noisy, expecting two kinds of ice cream and cocoanut cake and fudge cake, and had knocked at the door of the apartment. She could see how Georgia would come to the door.

Georgia would be so surprised. She would say, "Whatever do you want?"

And they'd tell her they had come to Holly's party.

And she'd say, "What party?"

And they'd say, "Why, the party today. With two kinds of ice cream."

And Florence would say, "Yes, and you with blue high heels on. like she said, and a long dress."

And Georgia would say, "There is no party. Holly lied. I wouldn't put my best dress on for children. You have to go now, and go quietly down the stairs because there are some old people below who don't want any noise."

And they'd look at each other, and know. And then they'd go.

And they'd hate her forever, and call her a liar, and—why, they wouldn't play jacks with her any more or anything. And Miss Hawthorne might send her to the Principal when she found out, and that

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was about the worst thing that ever would happen to you.

But the kids would all get to see Georgia anyhow. That was one good thing. They'd see that Holly had the prettiest stepmother in the whole world. They'd see her yellow hair and her pretty neck and her big eyes that were the color of blue bachelor buttons. It couldn't be, of course, but if only something had come up so that Georgia would have had her best dress on when she went to the door, fluttering bright blue, and as soft as air, with her high-heeled satin slippers that exactly matched. *That* would show them something!

A HUNDRED or two hundred hours went by and she found her way somehow back to her own street. The town clock said five. They would all be gone. It wasn't quite dark and she thought she'd slip in, quiet as a mouse. If Georgia was out in the kitchen it would be easy. She'd thought she'd never go home again, but she couldn't seem to think what else to do. Maybe Daddy would have to stay at his office tonight. She desperately hoped so.

Her heart pounded very fast going up the stairs and her knees felt shakier and shakier. Maybe the kids had clattered so that the Goulds would tell somebody who'd make them move and that would make Georgia very disgusted and angry because she said once to Daddy that she loved this apartment.

She leaned against the wall for a minute at the top of the stairs, and then she drew a deep breath and marched straight to the door, and opened it, and walked in.

And there—sat Katie and Sarah and Florence and Jill and Mary and Willis and Richard and Buster and Jimmy and Glen—*playing Ring on a String!* She just stared at them. They didn't pay much attention to her, though, just nodded and laughed, they were so busy. In the corner of the sofa sat Mr. Gould—old cross Mr. Gould, imagine!—and he was playing, too, and laughing.

"Where you been?" Florence called from where she sat, a little fat girl in a new yellow dress.

Holly wet her lips. "I—I—"

And then Holly looked up and saw Georgia. Georgia was leaning against the door that went into the kitchen, smiling at her. Georgia winked.

"She didn't have it on when we came," Florence told her pleasantly. "The dress you said, or the shoes. But when we told her she went and changed and she said she didn't expect us kids so early."

From under her lashes Holly saw that Georgia did have her best dress on, and earrings that glittered, and oh, she looked so beautiful!

Georgia said, "Hello, honey. The errand must have taken longer than we expected."

Her voice was so sweet, and so warm. And then Georgia came to her and slipped her arm about her neck. "You must excuse Holly," she said to them, "for a minute. Because she's going to run into the bedroom and change her dress."

But they didn't care anyway, because Mr. Gould was teaching them a new game called "Whisper."

"You're just ready to cry, aren't you, little kid?" Georgia said. "Well, don't. Because everything's okay, and you ought to be terribly happy, because I am."

And Holly said, "Oh, Georgia," and nothing else, because there wasn't anything, really, to say, right then, though she was so suddenly terribly happy that it seemed as though she would die.

"Look on the bed, baby," Georgia said, beautifully. "I made it for you."

It was a white dress, with ruffles, and a little lace collar.

There was no time to ask how it all came about. It just was, that's all. It gloriously was—like the puppies, and sunshine, and Christmas.

GEORGIA was saying words now, while she helped her dress. "Don't cry. There isn't anything to cry about. There was before, but there isn't now. You see how it was—well, I suddenly saw. It was like a light or something. Things they said. They told me, see? All those noisy sweet kids—all the things you should have told me, and didn't. But it's all right now. I changed my dress. Oh, *darling!*"

Holly looked up for a moment to see that Georgia's eyes had tears in them as bright as the earrings.

"They thought we'd planned it together. I didn't let you down, baby. They thought we'd planned it, you and me. We will next time. A big party that you'll love." She went brushing at Holly's hair. "Oh, it's so pretty, honey, your hair. I made this

dress for you yesterday and finished it this morning. It was a good thing, too, wasn't it? It fits you nice. You don't *hate* me, do you?" And then she knelt down, and Holly was in her arms, and she said, "You *weren't* sulking, and it was me, and I didn't know. But I do now, honey."

"Oh, no," Holly said, clinging to her (and oh, she smelled like lilacs and her hair felt like silk threads) "it was me. You're prettier than fairies or angels, and I love you!"

Georgia straightened up. "We can't stand here like this, you. We've got a party on, we women. Come on out in the kitchen. At the door of the bedroom she stopped. "You'd better call me Mama," she said.

"They think I do anyway."

"Everything all okay?"

"Oh, okay!"

In the kitchen Mrs. Gould stood in the big apron and fixed plates. "Hello, Holly," she said. "You surprised? Your Mom came down and asked me and Pa to come to your party." Holly nodded, with wide eyes.

Almost fearfully, then, she looked at the plates. She blinked. Pink ice cream. Choc-lit ice cream. Coconut cake. Fudge cake. Dear heaven!

"How did you know?" she murmured, awed.

Georgia laughed. "They told me, different ones, before they even got sat down. All together, with one breath. I telephoned and got the things."

She could only look and look at Mama. Maybe God hated her for lying (but Georgia loved her, Georgia loved her!) only, listen, tonight she'd explain when she said her prayers, all about the lies. Still—why there was just *one* lie, really. The lie to Miss Hawthorne, and that didn't seem so very terrible. The other things were *true*. Every single thing she'd told them was true. It hadn't been, then, but it was now. The party, and the eats, and Mama's dress. God must have managed, with Mama, and it had come about, some beautiful way, and was.

Mama came and thrust a pile of pink paper napkins into her hands. Mama said, "Pass these and tell those kids to calm down because we're going to eat, and then she bent and gave Holly a silly quick wonderful kiss that landed on the end of her nose!

Your Page and Ours

THE COVER

LOVE MAKES A VALENTINE" is the title which might be given to the cover this month. The little Eros doesn't buy, he makes a valentine to send to all our subscribers. With his paint-pot, his scissors, his hammer, and his paste he puts together his idea of something worthwhile to send to the finest group of people in all the world—scattered practically all over the world.

He cut his heart from cardboard and painted it; he pasted to it wooden letters—"E R A," and tacked them in order to hold them firmly; then he pasted them all upon a napkin he secured from a cake box. Presto! There was the valentine to you! Cupid, himself, was cut from a piece of ordinary cardboard. An actual little quiver made of paper filled with actual little arrows made from matches was swung over his shoulder. An actual piece of red silk ribbon was tied around the little figure. Of course, the entire design was made by Paul Clowes, and all of the figures were made by him and then photographed. The only brushwork is found in the painting of the red heart and of the red on top of the paint pot. Even the shadows are actual shadows made upon the photographic plate by actual shadows. When you read the article, poem, or story in the magazine which you like best—take that to be our special message to you.

THIS GERMAN MISSIONARY WARMED OUR HEARTS

IT would be a shame to send in my results to the "Foundations For Happiness" contest without dropping you a line to thank you and your co-workers for the inspiration which fills the *Era* each month. I am now waiting patiently for the November number so that I can further my interest in the magazine. It is truly a wonderful publication for the missionaries, for it helps us considerably, giving us the newest in a very desirable manner. To say that I enjoyed one section more than another would be unjust, for they all go together to make up a magazine for every mood."

Every subscriber may rejoice a little at that word of appreciation, for every subscriber contributes a little toward sending the magazine free to the young men and young women who are contributing their time and money to the cause.

THIS LADY LIKES WHAT SHE LIKES, AND THAT'S THAT

IS it too late to state my choice of poems and stories " writes a lady from Boise, Idaho. "My choice of poems lies between 'Amethyst' and 'Sons,' with perhaps a slight leaning toward 'Amethyst.' 'Old Shep' is my choice of stories. I think Ardyth Kennelly shows more talent than the average but I don't care for her work—yet. I don't like sugar-coated pills—would rather have my aches at the start with meaty kernels to chew over. With our distinctive background and unusually cultural pattern it beats me that our writers will spend their time writing standardized fairy tales. That is why I like 'Old Shep.' It is more than the story of a dog—it is life—Mormon family life. Why must our (?) standards and village life be put before the world by such as Vardis Fisher? If I ever acquire the abilities of a writer I shall write of our people as they are, faults and virtues.

"I don't like the story running in the *Era* now, but the young folks do. My girls and the girls I teach are very positive on the subject of romance so I guess it has a place in the *Era* since there is no other publication for our Juniors and Glensers. Personally I like my romance tempered with sense.

"I think our *Era* is doing much to develop writers and perhaps it will sometime be instrumental in bringing forth the great Mormon novel. A friend who is not an L. D. S. said to me, 'Your church should have some fine writers—you have such help in your fine magazines.' We wouldn't try to do without the *Era*. Without its church value it is the finest magazine I read and I read plenty. Thank goodness we don't have to read conference sermons in it any more. A year or two ago I thought it was decidedly a man's magazine, but it has improved in that line. Anyway it would be hard to find a better one.

"P. S. I forgot to say I certainly enjoy 'Your Page and Ours,' and I'm very anxious to know if Bess Foster Smith is an L. D. S."

We are of the opinion that Mrs. Smith is not a member of our Church, although we may be mistaken. We have met the lady and find her to be decidedly interesting.

WE LIKED IT, TOO

I LOVED the poem by Rachel Grant Taylor in the November *Era*," writes a Salt Lake Lady.

THE ERA SURPRISED THIS MONTANAN

THE cover, the illustrations, and the general neatness of *The Improvement Era* impress me greatly and many friends who have seen the magazine act quite amazed at the high quality expressed by a magazine with which they are so little acquainted," writes a contributor from Absarokee, Montana.

BUT IT'S ACTION THAT PLEASES THE WORLD MOST

THE last criticism which you gave the writing I sent you," says a letter from southern Utah, "was just the least bit severe, but that is exactly what I want. That is what will help me, and it also gives me a chance to compare my ideas with your own.

"The last story you said was too subjective. Maybe it was. But I do so love the subjective. I love to wonder and also to depict how external stimuli affects man mentally. It is the internal workings of man's mind that interests me, and I do so like to describe that condition minutely."

We rather like a story teller to show by a man's behavior what he is—what he is thinking. We must catch our younger readers with our fiction.

* * *

Spanish Fork, Utah
November 7, 1933.

Dear Editor:

THE first thing I saw in the November issue of the *Era* was Mabel Frazier's picture, "The Furrow."

This picture is so unreal and stilted that I could hardly persuade myself to read the contents of the volume.

Farmers have enough distress without having to hang to vertical handlebars and walk in a position shown in this scene. Why should that good farmer be afraid to walk in the furrow? How could he possibly keep the plow in the ground and walk far to the side in that awkward position? Is it in order to allow the gulls to get under the plow-share and catch the insects before they are exposed to the air?

The gulls in this region are not so uncouth as to crowd a farmer out of the furrow, as the Frazier gulls are doing in the said picture.

Then, too, the horse on the off side is compelled to walk on the soft plowed land. All the teamsters on a dry farm could not persuade a farm horse to resort to such unorthodox conduct.

I would rename the picture, *How Furrows Should Not Be Made*.

Sincerely,

E. Cecil McGavin.

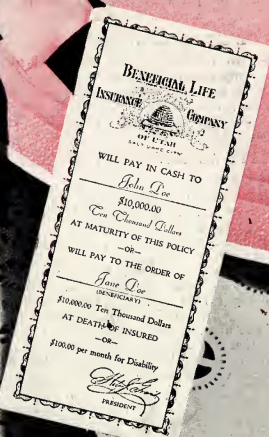
AH! A NOTE FROM KONIGSBERG, PRUSSIA

I HAVE never found a magazine so full of invaluable information and treating so many various subjects with such tact and clearness as *The Improvement Era*. I bid it a special welcome in this far off land across the water."

NOW WE ALL HAVE A FAVORITE TOPIC, DON'T WE?

I HAVE enjoyed the November *Era* very much," writes a friend of the magazine from Ogden, "and my husband and our older children were all very much impressed with that clever little piece of psychology, embodied in poetic form, and entitled, 'The Favorite Topic.'"

To Your Valentine



A Valentine's a pretty thing,
It points in Love's direction;
But there's no Love that can compare
With day-by-day Protection.
So build a barricade around
Your Loved Ones while you can
And satisfaction will abound—
Adopt The BENEFICIAL Plan!

The true love of a devoted husband and father causes him to consider his loved ones first of all and above all. Often he values his life insurance solely in terms of protection for them, overlooking the fact that it provides also a savings account that becomes an income for him at old age.

A Beneficial Life Policy is an everlasting, outstanding Valentine that carries on even though you may not live to do so.

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HEBER J. GRANT
A. W. IVINS
J. RUBEN CLARK, JR.
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S. F. GRANT
JOS. F. SMITH
E. T. RALPHS
DAVID D. MCKAY
A. B. C. CHILSON



E. T. RALPHS

GENERAL MANAGER

THE SAFE—SYSTEMATIC SAVINGS PLAN WITH UNEQUALED ADVANTAGES